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THE QUEEN'S MAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

CHAPTER VII.

MASTER ANTONIO rode in the cavalcade with a rich jewel round his neck, the gift of my Lady Marlowe. She had gained and bound him to her service with all the arts she knew; and her power was a kind of witchcraft, independent of age and of beauty. The influence was mutual, for with honest and simple natures she could do nothing, except by sheer physical terror. Thus her stepson Harry was absolutely independent of her, not even realising the carefully hidden evil in her character. Richard was a child, often a rebellious one. Young Edward of March, a Renaissance prince, found nothing strange, but much that was attractive in the glimpses of herself she chose to show him. Very gladly would Isabel Marlowe, though old enough to be his mother, have taken the place afterwards held by Elizabeth Woodville in Edward's life. It would seem that Lancastrian widows and the heir of York had a natural affinity.

It suited my Lady's plans to keep Antonio waiting upon her at Swanlea till the early days of February, sending a man of her own to let Sir William Roden know that she would shortly visit him. It seemed to her, she said, that this complicated affair must be arranged in person. In the meanwhile, she expected every day a

messenger from Lord Marlowe, who was supposed to be working his way south with Queen Margaret's victorious army; but Harry was silent. Then came the news that Edward of York had won a battle at Mortimer's Cross, and that the Queen, in spite of this, was in full march on London. Lady Marlowe delayed no longer. Ruddiford, the key to its own quarter of the Midlands, became a more and more desirable outpost. If she and her party were unlucky enough to meet the Queen's force, or stragglers from it,—why, there was Harry, the Queen's man, to vouch for his mother and brother. And he owed them too much explanation, too much atonement, not to acknowledge their claim to the utmost. If, on the other hand, the Yorkist army should cross her path, my Lady Marlowe would feel that the time was come to cast off all disguise. Edward should know that she was on her way, with her son in her train, to capture a strong place for him.

Her Ladyship travelled in her own carriage, a long covered waggon, with panels and wheels curiously painted and gilt, the interior being luxurious with cushions and tapestries. Four strong horses dragged this structure through the miry ways. Though the jolting was frightful, Isabel preferred it to the swinging movement of a horse-litter, which followed with her

waiting-women. Master Richard divided his time between lying full length in the carriage, trifling with his little dogs and his lute, and riding, gaily tricked out with jewelled arms and velvet garments, in advance of the escort and the train of pack-horses which carried the baggage.

Several times the great carriage broke down in specially bad parts of the road, and the party was surrounded by groups of strange nomads, the moving population of England,—charlatans and cheap-jacks, minstrels and jugglers, men and women who danced on their hands to the music of the vielle, begging friars and pilgrims, stopping to stare and gossip on their way. Sometimes a performing bear gave Dick half-an-hour's delight; sometimes, if they were delayed by a brook that had overflowed, or by some unusually steep and stony hill, more evil faces of vagabonds, outlaws, bandits, poachers, would peer darkly from the nearest wood, and only the little troop of men-at-arms who rode round my Lady and her household following saved her from being attacked and robbed.

There were also the Fellowships to be feared, for the gentlemen of England were a law to themselves in those days, and many, like Jasper Tilney of King's Hall, joined themselves and their men to a few like-minded friends and set out to pick quarrels with travellers on the highway, generally ending in robbery, if not murder. A galloping troop of such as these more than once crossed the roads followed by Lady Marlowe's party; but her armed escort was too strong, even for these foolhardy gentlemen.

At a point about half-way in the route two miserable men, unarmed except with hedge-stakes, ragged, starving, and bleeding from undressed wounds, crawled out of a ditch with

howls of joy at sight of the Marlowe colours. They were two of the small band that Lord Marlowe had taken with him when he rode to Ruddiford and the north. Under my Lady's stern demand,—why and where had they left his Lordship?—they told the same story as Antonio; how Lord Marlowe had left Ruddiford alone on Christmas morning, sending word to his men to follow him,—how they had followed and followed over the bleak moors, missing the road, plunging into snow-drifts, blinded by storms, till, never overtaking their master, they turned back seeking him towards Ruddiford, and were fallen on by a troop of masked bandits in a narrow place and cut to pieces, most of them killed in defending the treasure they carried, their horses taken, four or five carried off prisoners, three left wounded by the roadside, of whom these two had crawled so far on the way back to Swanlea, the other having died in a ditch.

Antonio listened to the story with an immovable face—how did it concern him?—and answered innocently my Lady's question what bold villains in the Ruddiford country could have done this? He might very shrewdly guess: no new proof of Jasper Tilney's desperate way of living astonished him; but he saw no use in naming that fearless young marauder to my Lady, especially as the fate of Lord Marlowe himself occupied her mind far more than that of his slaughtered men.

"We must have the country scoured for him," she said, and her dark eyes gleamed with the mysterious, uneasy look that Antonio did not yet quite understand. "Some evil has happened to him; he could not go far on foot and alone."

Did she care for Lord Marlowe's safety, or was it her first wish to

know that he was out of her way? The Italian was not sure. He would have guessed the second for truth, and now the first possibility startled him. It behoved a man to walk carefully in the sight of those dark eyes. Caresses and flattery and the gift of jewels might mean but a passing fancy, the under-side of a character which would crush a plaything on the instant, if any greater interest demanded it.

"Hurry on to the utmost," Lady Marlowe commanded, and her cavalcade, the two wretched fugitives mounted on a pack-horse, creaked and struggled forward along the miry lanes.

At last they were within half-a-dozen miles of the end of the journey, and Antonio, by her Ladyship's orders, galloped on to warn Sir William of their arrival. With him were Black Andrew and the two other men who had escorted him to Swansea, and who loved him none the better for the favour he had met with there, and the delay which seemed its consequence.

The February afternoon was mild and clear, but it was not far from sunset, and the carriage and litters and train of baggage, travelling slowly, would hardly reach Ruddiford till twilight was falling. The sight of horsemen in the distance, flashing out of the woods, across the flat meadows, disappearing again among the undergrowth, behind the great yews and thorns and hollies that were the advance-guard of the forest, suggested very plainly that this was a country not too safe to ride in, either by night or day. The tired horses were pressed on, but the main body crawled at a long distance behind Antonio and his men. He, too, saw those fitting figures in the distance, and rode the faster, though for himself he did not fear them.

The road, running for some way by the river, was commanded by the hill on which King's Hall and the old church stood, the fir-trees round the churchyard serving for a landmark to the flat country. Here the road turned from the river, which circled the hill on one side, and climbing with a gradual twist, reached the desolate flat ground where Harry Marlowe had been unbound from the horse and dragged by Jasper Tilney to King's Hall. From here the house and church were not visible, hidden by the lie of the ground and a few clumps of trees; but lower down the hill the high gables of the old house rose very stately and, looking over the long roof of the church, kept a fierce watch down the southern valley and over the winding course of the river that crept below.

Down the hill from King's Hall, helter-skelter, stones flying, came Jasper Tilney on Brown Bob and met Antonio face to face. The men, riding forward, drew bridle a little further on.

"'Tis thou, Tony," Jasper cried; "I knew thy black face and slovenly seat a mile off. No hurry,—I have but to whistle, you know, and that fine carriage will be rolled into the ditch. Tell the truth,—is my Lady Marlowe in it?"

Antonio's white teeth showed for an instant between his scarlet lips. "What's that to you, Master Tilney?" he answered. "Do you want to shut up the hen as well as the chick?"

"Is the hen searching for the chick?" retorted Jasper, with something between a growl and a laugh. "What brings her into these parts? We don't want her,—a Yorkist and a wicked witch, they say."

"Sir William has appointed her Mistress Margaret's guardian, and on that business she comes. She is no Yorkist and no witch, but a noble

lady, with whom you must not interfere."

"Do I take orders from you, foreigner?" said Jasper, staring at him fiercely, and fingering the whistle at his neck. "Hark, have you betrayed me to this woman, or does she believe her precious stepson has gone north? Be careful, Tony; you will not deceive me; so long as Alice is at Ruddiford I can trust her to be on my side."

"Tis well if you can trust any one," Antonio said, with a shrug. "Ride on with me, or the carriage will overtake us. Think how could I betray you, without betraying myself? My Lady believed that my Lord had travelled north to join the Queen, leaving his marriage half made, like the madman they call him. She might never have been wiser, had not you pounced down on his men wandering in the snow on the moors. Why did you not leave them to perish naturally, or what mattered it if they came back to Ruddiford, a drove of asses as they were, having missed their master? You must needs ride after them, catch them, rob them, kill them, capture them, leaving two alive and free to start for home and meet their mistress. They are riding with her now. So get you back to King's Hall for a foolish gentleman, before they ride up and know you again. That might well start suspicion. My Lady is a clever woman, and has a strong escort. Also, you will do well not to put yourself deeper in the wrong with Sir William."

Jasper swore violently. "Ay," he said, "I have four of those fellows in my prison. But on my life, Tony, 'twas not my doing, and I was angry at it. Leonard and a few more of them went after the Marlowe men when I was busy with his Lordship. He had talked of money, and they liked the notion, being all of us as

poor as rats in an empty barn. They didn't get much, when it came to be shared. You are right for once; 'twas foolish, and I told them so. I nearly broke off the Fellowship and swore to live like a pious hermit; but then they said if they stood by me I must stand by them, and with Marlowe on my hands I could scarce do without them."

"Ah! How long do you mean to keep him?"

"Till he swears to give up that marriage. Then I'll send him off on my best horse to join the Queen."

"And will he keep such an oath? Will he not ride straight to Ruddiford, or Swanlea, or wherever Mistress Margaret may be?"

Jasper laughed contemptuously. "You low-born son of a black foreign beggar," he said, "what do you know of gentlemen?"

It might have been the red sunset that made Antonio's face glow and his eyes burn. "As you will, Master Tilney," he murmured. "Men or women, high-born or low, methinks love levels them."

They were now at the top of the hill. Jasper suddenly turned his horse, and without a word of farewell plunged off across the fields towards King's Hall. The foremost of my Lady's cavalcade, just beginning wearily to climb, saw a black horseman against the evening sky, galloping hard away from them.

Antonio too put spurs to his horse, and dashed on to overtake his companions, smiling a little to himself as he rode. Jasper Tilney was not aware of his new rival, or of Lady Marlowe's firm intention to marry Margaret to her own young son. If he had known, it was likely enough that neither Richard nor his mother would have reached the journey's end in safety. True, Antonio himself, looking into the future, had no inten-

tion of advancing that marriage; but a certain hard daring in his nature inclined him to let events roll on as they pleased, confident in his own power to stop or turn them. Even the strange new experience of my Lady's favour, carrying with it a kind of fascination he had never yet known, did not touch any depths in him. Life lay beyond all that, with prizes such as Isabel Marlowe had not to give. It was only for the present that he was her slave; and the woman herself, attracted by his beauty and foreign charm, neither knew, nor would have cared had she known, the real strength and remoteness of the cat-like, gentle creature that it pleased her to caress. For the present, however, Antonio was at my Lady's feet; the new mistress had taken the place of the old master, though no one intended Sir William Roden to find out that.

In the highest gable of King's Hall there was a narrow window, unglazed and barred. It gave little light to the long garret room, low, with heavy rafters almost touching a man's head, where Lord Marlowe had for some six weeks been imprisoned. He had air enough; the bitter frosty wind of the Midlands blew down the river, and howled in the chimneys of King's Hall, and played what pranks it liked with that topmost storey. When the weather became damp and soft with February, rills of water ran down the black walls. Now and then the sun shone warmly in, and then the prisoner spent much of his time clinging to the bars of the window, enjoying the warmth and looking down on the distant flats and the road that crossed them, the road along which he had ridden so prosperously on Christmas Eve in the snow.

Much Harry wondered, as he stared at the dismal prospect, what

had happened at Ruddiford after his disappearance. What did Sir William think of it? What were his own men doing? What could the Queen think, as the weeks went by, and her faithful servant did not rejoin her? He had heard nothing of Wakefield, and supposed her to be still collecting forces in the north. He had felled timber, and sold cattle, and done all he could to raise a sum to help the cause he believed in. Those money-bags of his, were they still lying in the west tower of Ruddiford Castle? No one had told him that they, with four of the good fellows who guarded them, were under the same roof with himself. He might have been wiser if his window had overlooked the north instead of the south road, for then by straining he could have seen the court and gateway of the house. As it was, his first view was of the rugged tiles of the church roof, long and low, and then, past the fir-trees, of the lonely track winding away into white or brown, but always foggy distance.

There was nothing to be learnt from an old bent man, who night and morning brought him more food than he cared to eat, but who seemed deaf to any questions he might ask. Jasper Tilney's almost daily visits were not more satisfactory. His manner was fierce and forbidding. He would stride in suddenly, banging the heavy door: he would cast his wild blue eyes round the room; and strangely enough, some slight extra comfort was often the result of these careless glances. But certainly in look or bearing there was no kindness, scarcely any courtesy. Something furtive in the glance that flashed over Harry suggested to him that the man was ashamed of what he had done, but in words Jasper gave no sign of this. He saw the fine features sharpening, the colour

of the face changing from healthy brown to sickly yellow, while purple circles widened round the clear eyes, the hands growing thin and white, the dark hair matted and long. His question was always the same. Holding up the cross-handle of his dagger, he would say, "Have you changed your mind, my Lord!"; and when Harry replied, "Nay, Sir, it knows not change," he would leave him, generally without a word more, sometimes frowning sulkily, sometimes with an angry laugh as he slid the great bolts again.

And so at last came that February day when Harry, pale and dishevelled at his high window, saw a distant train passing in the evening light, disappearing behind the thorns and hollies that grew along the ditches by the road, coming forth again into the reach of his eagerly watching eyes. They had the keenness of the old world, and Harry forgot all bodily discomfort in the gaze; for he saw his own colours, his own men, the gorgeous length of his stepmother's clumsy carriage, and young Dick, gay as ever, caracoling on horseback near by. Antonio, whom he had never noticed, was beyond his recognition; but he saw the three men in Roden livery who followed that dark figure at a gallop in advance of the party, disappearing from his sight as they breasted the hill; and he saw the two fugitives from his own band, hanging like broken men on the broad backs of the pack-horses, and wondered what my Lady was doing with two poor sick fellows in her train.

He tore off the white silk shirt he was wearing, and waved it wildly from the bars; but it seemed to him that no one looked up, and in a few minutes the whole cavalcade passed out of sight behind the parapet of the church and was hidden by the projection of the hill.

Then Harry Marlowe's constant patience deserted him. He saw it all, and the view was not reassuring. Sir William Roden, bewildered by his disappearance — and what wonder? — had sent an express messenger to Lady Marlowe. She was angry, — there was little doubt of that; his strange action in substituting himself for Dick would seem to her unaccountable, the burning of her letters an act of treason. These indeed were matters which no one but himself could atone for or explain. Even Harry, accustomed to take his own way like a prince without consulting any man, knew that by his own code he had gone far. And after six weeks' absence, six weeks of voluntary prison for the sake of Meg's sweet eyes, her entrancing charm seemed no longer an entire justification. Love and Beauty! they think they rule the world, but on its battlefield they may meet stronger powers, such as Honour and Duty.

These cold reflections troubled Harry's soul not a little. As the twilight fell, after tramping up and down his garret like the madman they called him, he flung himself down and buried his face in his arms on the rough oak table. One question now, — would Meg be true to him! For his seeming desertion would justify Sir William in any anger against him, and certainly in consenting to her marriage with young Dick. And few but Harry himself could baulk my Lady in any plan she had set her heart upon. He might have cursed the day he came to Ruddiford, throwing himself, as it proved, into the clutches of a young ruffian from whom he saw no means of escape, if it had not been for the thought of Meg. Sweet Meg, — her lips on his, her soft hair against his cheek, all her young slender beauty resting in his arms, the fire of those lovely eyes

of hers, which spoke so much that she knew not how to say,—the minutes with her were worth a man's while, even if paid for by months of idleness and suffering.

After all, this present state of things could not last for ever; it was past reason to imagine that. Many must know that he was here, in the hands of young Tilney and his Fellowship. The struggle in the street must have been seen. That Sir William Roden and Mistress Margaret knew where he was, he did not believe for a moment; but now, surely, the news would drift by some means to my Lady, and she would undoubtedly see him set free, the head of the house, even if he had offended her.

Harry's mind was not one to which mistrust came naturally. It was part of his pride to put a careless confidence in all with whom he had to do. And yet a strange uneasiness was eating at his heart as he sat there, telling himself that if only Meg were true to him,—and force alone, he swore, could separate their lives from each other—then there was nothing to be feared from earth or heaven.

The bolts were drawn with a sudden grinding, the great rusty key screeched in the lock, the enormous hinges groaned. Jasper Tilney stalked into the room, and Harry lifted his head, with a grave and haughty look meeting the bold stare of his jailer. Jasper came up to the table, leaned on it with both hands, and for a moment their eyes met like clashing swords, without speech. Even then Harry Marlowe was detached enough from his own misery to admire the young fellow's splendid bearing.

"Young—and in love with Meg! I might have done the same myself,"—the thought crossed his brain.

"Ask what you will," said Jasper;

then, seeing his prisoner smile, he coloured angrily.

"I am not used to asking," Harry said. "I will tell you something, and I will advise. Will you listen?"

Jasper nodded, then tossed back the red locks that tumbled over his brow.

"The Lady Marlowe, my mother, with a troop of my people, passed along the road there half-an-hour since. I signalled from the window. Could I have wrenched your bars aside, I might have leaped to the church roof, and so climbed down and followed her."

"And broken your Lordship's bones. Though I hate you, I should be sorry," said Jasper, and smiled, but not sweetly. "Your signal,—did they answer it?"

"I saw no reply," Harry said; "but I warn you, Master Tilney, it will by some means be discovered where I am. My own men are doubtless still at Ruddiford, waiting in confusion of mind my Lady's orders. There will be a search, and bold as you and your Fellowship may be, King's Hall will not escape. The Queen, too,—remember that she waits in the north for the little help I may bring, and you are at least supposed to be for Lancaster. You laugh, Sir?"

"I laugh at your ignorance, my Lord, at your rashness, too, for what is to hinder me from changing your lodging? I have dungeons under the river, as well as cells in the clouds, and if you divert yourself with signalling from our nest here, why,—or there is a shorter way, my Lord, if we find ourselves in danger through keeping you. But as to your ignorance, do not believe Queen Margaret is waiting for you. Much has happened since Christmas morning. Without your help, they have fixed Duke Richard's head over the gate of

York town. The snow and the rain and the wind have made a black object of it by this time."

Lord Marlowe sprang to his feet, his own affairs forgotten. "The Duke of York dead?"

"Ay, and the Queen is marching on London."

"And I not there! By heaven, Sir, you should have told me this before," — and without noticing Jasper's mocking laugh, he hurried out a dozen eager questions.

For a few minutes these two men of the Red Rose, the half-hearted and the true, talked of Wakefield, of Mortimer's Cross, of the nobles on either side, of Queen Margaret's dashing march and its chances. At last Harry stopped, drew a long breath, walked up to Jasper Tilney and seized him by the arm. As the young fellow, starting violently, tried to shake him off and snatched at his own sword, Harry's grip tightened and he cried impatiently: "Shame, Sir, shame! You a servant of King Henry, and draw on an unarmed man, your prisoner? Nay, come, you cannot keep me here. Give me arms and a horse, and let me ride after the Queen. Send word to my men to join me, and—"

Jasper stared at him fiercely under level brows. "Remember, my Lord, you are your own prisoner, not mine. Promise you know what, and you are free."

With these words he seemed to hurl Harry Marlowe back into the slough from which the news of the Queen had lifted him. Renounce Meg! That was the condition of being free to ride abroad and fight loyally. Then it seemed he must rot in prison. He measured Jasper with his eye, then flung himself back into the chair from which he had risen.

"I have no new answer for that," he said. "But—" he thought deeply

for a minute or two, while Jasper watched him. "But as you have the best of me, I will offer you this. No such promise can I make and live; but set me free from this hole of yours, let me ride to Ruddiford, speak on urgent affairs with my mother, take my men and follow the Queen. Hark to me, Master Tilney, in return for this courtesy of yours. I will not seek to have you punished, and furthermore, I will take my oath not to speak with Mistress Roden till my return from the wars." He lowered his voice, speaking reverently, as of some saint. "In her grandfather's charge," he said, "or in that of my mother, she will remain. If you choose to put yourself forward again among her suitors, you are free to do so. You will be answered as she and her guardians may will it. And my mother shall hear from me that I have made you this promise."

While he spoke, Jasper never removed his blue angry eyes from his face. That a prisoner, with every mark of suffering and hardship upon him, could look so majestically and speak so proudly, was not without its effect on a nature which had its better side. But even with the recognition of Lord Marlowe's great nobleness flamed up a fury of envious rage, and when Harry paused, the young man burst into scornful laughter.

"Fore God, my Lord Marlowe, your insolence is beyond limit," he said. "You talk of saving me from punishment. Who will punish me, think you, or my bold Fellowship? And you suppose we have done nothing more than shut up your Lordship for six weeks in a garret, while your men sit round the fire at Ruddiford and spend your money in the ale-houses? Ask the crows on the north moors what we have done with your men, and our sweethearts how we have scattered your money. And by

all the Powers of heaven and hell, shall I thank you humbly for leave to woo my wife? No! die where you are, and we'll throw your carcass into the Ruddy, and Mistress Meg shall see it from the window whence she saw you first, floating down stream."

So saying, young Tilney flung himself out of the room. The door clanged, the bolts screeched into their places, and Lord Marlowe was left alone with his thoughts, while the darkness of night descended.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIR WILLIAM RODEN received Lady Marlowe with much ceremony and distinction. Antonio, her forerunner, did not find the castle unprepared. Dame Kate, who acted as house-keeper and by right of age and experience ruled over the maids, had unlocked cupboards where household treasures had been packed away since the deaths of John Roden and his young wife. During the short time they lived at Ruddiford a kind of luxury had reigned which was quite foreign to Sir William's more simple and old-world nature,—embroidered hangings, silken cushions stuffed with lavender, silver plate, vessels of glass powdered or spotted with gold; and for my Lady's chamber silk curtains and counterpanes, feather-beds, down pillows, blankets in plenty and sheets of fine linen. Casks of foreign wine were broached; strong ale flowed like water for all who came; the larder was stocked with meat and poultry from the farms and fish from the Ruddy. The servants, lazy with long idleness, ran hither and thither; any one who shirked work now might fear a clout over the head from Dame Kate's distaff, or a shoe thrown after him to hurry him on his way.

And so this second company with the Marlowe colours came winding

over the bridge that February evening, but no fair girl's figure leaned from the castle window to watch and welcome the entry of Isabel and her son. A great shyness and dread had seized on Margaret, and she kept herself, so long as possible, shut up in her own rooms. There was no doubt in her mind that Harry must, by letter or message, wherever he might be, have explained matters to his step-mother; of that there could be no doubt at all, with one terrible condition, if he still lived. For she could not resist the suspicion of foul play which had preyed upon her since his sudden and strange disappearance. That he had changed his mind and forgotten her was impossible. When little Simon Toste, who visited her by Sir William's orders and prescribed drugs and potions, (himself without an ounce of faith in them), dared to hint at this explanation, Meg fell upon him and hustled him out of the room, calling him in plain words liar and slanderer. He went away discomfited, but came back the next morning, for he loved the girl, and three honest hearts, his own, his brother Timothy's, and Sir Thomas the Vicar's, were well-nigh broken by the sight of her misery.

Yes, Meg told herself, my Lady knew all, as well from Harry as from her grandfather's letters. She would not therefore dream of pursuing the old plans, of setting forward the marriage with her own son. Foolish gossips might talk, but surely my Lady was noble and kind, else how would Harry's father have married her? So Meg sternly assured herself; yet the misgivings that troubled her were at their height when a blast of trumpets announced my Lady's arrival. Oh, if she and her son would but have stayed away in the south, and left a poor maid to bear life as she could till Lord Marlowe's return!

The first sight of the dreaded guests was not alarming. Sir William, for his part, was enchanted with my Lady. Splendidly handsome and dignified in her black velvet robes, her grave stateliness was now and then relieved by the bright flash of a smile. Richard, in gay colours, the picture of youth and gaiety, was a delightful object at which all the castle people stared open-mouthed. The very sight of him was a relief to Meg. He kissed her hand and looked up in her face with a laugh, as much as to say, "Fear nothing from me, sweet sister." My Lady received Meg's reverence without much expression of any kind, looking upon her gravely, and with the slightest lifting of the brows. "Is this the face that drove away poor Harry's few wits?" might have been the thought in her Ladyship's mind; and indeed Meg's young loveliness had suffered from the mental agony of those six weeks.

The talk at supper was entirely between Sir William Roden and Lady Marlowe, the rest of the company keeping silence, except with their eyes. Antonio's never left Margaret, except for an occasional glance at Isabel, who never once looked towards him. Dick's roving glances found a pleasant object in the sunny looks and fair curls of Alice Tilney, who was not afraid to pay him back in the same coin. Meg's lowered eyelids were lifted for no man.

After supper Antonio helped his old master back to his own room, and with low bows left him and Lady Marlowe together, their chairs on either side of the great chimney.

"Be not far off, Tony, in case I want thee — but no eavesdropping, rascal," said Sir William.

Antonio laughed and went, not so quickly but that he heard the old man say to my Lady: "A clever dog that, a legacy from my son John,

who brought him, a little lad, from Italy, picked him up in the street, a beggar foundling. He is of vast use to me. I hope he hath in no way displeased your Ladyship."

"Far from it, Sir William," was the grave reply. "I have found him very capable and well-mannered."

Antonio ran down the stairs smiling, but for all that his teeth were set on edge. There was now a burst of talk below in the hall, where some of the men-at-arms had trooped in and were tossing off ale in silver goblets. The women were gone. Young Dick Marlowe stood whistling, looking on at the scene.

"Here, Italian," he said, as he would have called a dog. "Who was that pretty lady on Mistress Roden's left hand? Not a waiting-maid, sure? She looked well born. Come, you know,—white neck and pink cheeks of Nature's painting—no plastering there,—blue eyes that can laugh back at a man and understand without the need of words—eh? Who is she?"

"That lady, Sir," Antonio answered, "is Mistress Alice Tilney, Mistress Roden's companion and friend."

"Ha! On my life, she's the prettiest maid of the two. Well born, then?"

"There is no older name in the Midlands than Tilney of King's Hall."

"I thought as much."

Dick turned abruptly away, and Antonio, after a moment's hesitation, slipped up the stairs again and turned along a gallery which led to one of the lower towers, and through this, by two doors and a passage in the thickness of the wall, out into a garden on the southern ramparts of the castle. On this garden, bright in summer with red roses, when the view of the river and meadow and distant forest was green and gay, the windows of Mistress Margaret's own rooms looked down; but they did not over-

look it all, one part being screened from sight by the jutting buttresses of the tower.

Here, on this first night of his return, Antonio had a tryst with Alice Tilney; and though the evening was dark and chilly and full of creeping mist from the water, he knew she would keep it faithfully.

She was there indeed before him, and this time she had no reason to complain of his coldness; the sudden flame of passionate excitement with which he seized and kissed her was something new.

"Ah, Tonio, but I thought you were never coming back!" sighed the girl. "What kept you so long away?"

"I had to wait as long as it pleased her Ladyship. Do you know, my Alice,—” he drew her down, holding her fast, on a stone seat under the great walls—"do you know that you are the loveliest woman here,—lovelier than Meg herself?"

"Do you know, Signor, that you are the greatest flatterer?"

Antonio laughed. "It was not I that said it. Though I love you well, little Alice, I do not care to tell you lies."

The girl, at first blushing with pleasure, began to pout and to push him away. "Who said it then?"

"Master Richard Marlowe, the Popinjay. I thought him a fool for his pains; but 'tis his way to blurt out anything he should keep to himself."

Alice's ready smile had returned; she was not displeased by Dick's admiration. "Well," she said, "if I am the prettiest woman,—'tis not true, I know, but you should not be the one to tell me so—ah, gently, rude wretch!" as her lover's caresses became a little too eager. "Let me speak. If I am the prettiest woman, Master Marlowe is the handsomest man. I

never liked a fair man before, but his figure, his dress, his smile, those talking eyes of his—ah, Antonio!"

"Enough of his praises. Let me hear more, and I'll kiss you to death, and stick my dagger into him."

"No, no, you must keep him alive for Meg, if she is to have him. If only it were I,—I should easily choose between him and that crazy lord with his long brown visage. But, Tonio, she is breaking her heart for him. Sometimes I can hardly refrain from telling her—"

"Peace!—that you dare not do."

"No; I should be slain twice over. But is that what my Lady means to do with Meg, to marry her to this worshipful Popinjay? What will my poor Jasper do?"

"Ay, and it is what she meant all along. Listen, and I'll tell you. It was as I guessed; my Lord had a fancy to take the prize for himself, instead of giving it to his brother. But now it seems Master Dick will win the race after all,—at least, my Lady means it, and mind you, Alice, my Lady is a greater queen than ever Queen Margaret was or will be."

"Her face frightens me," the girl said. "But go on, Tonio; tell me about Swanlea and all you did there."

He laughed queerly. "Another time, child; now listen, and obey me. If it pleases Dick Marlowe to praise your sweet face, or even to make love to you, do not answer him roughly. Draw him on, play with him, use all your pretty tricks; I give you full leave and licence. Well, why do you not answer? 'Tis no unkindness to Meg, and I will take care of myself, I promise you."

His instinct, even in the dark, told him that Alice was both puzzled and offended. She was by nature an honest girl, and if, for her misfortune, she had found him irresistible, it was not her way to waste favours on every

man who admired her. Her brother's Fellowship knew that.

"I do not understand you," she said slowly. "At least, if I do," for he laughed, "I must have some reason for it. Why do you wish me to play with this boy's fancy, you, who say you love me? Are these the ways you have picked up among the great, for they are not those of Ruddiford or King's Hall. One love is enough for us here, Tonio."

"Foolish girl," he said, more kindly. "Well, 'tis true, I ask you to behave as any great lady might, to further her own or her family's ends. You will not harm yourself; are you afraid of harming the innocent boy, Dick Marlowe?"

Again Alice paused a moment before she answered: "He has a sweet countenance, and for worlds I would not hurt him. Make me understand you, Tonio; what ends of yours shall I further by doing this?"

Antonio was angry, for the question was not easy to answer, and it was the first time that Alice, his willing slave, had not accepted his commands without question. But his clever brain did not fail him. "'Tis not for my sake," he said, "but for Jasper's. Maybe you do not know of his last exploit?"

"Few things that Jasper does are hidden from me," Alice said and sighed. "How can I serve him by any commerce with a Marlowe? He would be ready to kill both you and me if he knew all that we know. And if this young man offered me his love, without any talk of marriage, which would be impossible—"

"I do not know why," Antonio muttered, so low that she hardly caught the words. "Sweetheart," he said aloud, "you take all this too seriously. At least, you can see that any passing fancy which draws away a hopeful suitor of Mistress Meg's must

advantage Jasper. But truly 'twas not that I meant, for Jasper has offended Sir William, and Meg herself likes him not. I meant that a friend among the Marlowes would be useful to him, when he comes to give an account of their chief he has imprisoned, their men he has hunted and slain, their money and goods he has taken. What of Lord Marlowe's troop, Alice? Two of them, starving and wounded, joined us on our journey here."

"It was not Jasper's doing," the girl cried. "It was that wicked Leonard, who is his evil angel. And as to the taking my Lord himself—is it you, *you*, who dare blame Jasper for that?"

Antonio laughed. "Jasper is a fool, with his blundering Fellowship. He will make the country too hot to hold him. My Lady Marlowe is not a woman to be played with, and so we shall one and all find. Take my counsel, make a friend of Dick the Popinjay. And now, time's flying,—kiss me, pretty sweet, and tell me how the days dragged with you while I was away. Tell me of poor Meg, too. By St. Antony and his devils, do you know that she has spoilt her beauty with pining for Mad Marlowe?"

While her Ladyship's new favourite was thus amusing himself and entertaining Alice Tilney, she and Sir William Roden were talking by the fireside, with perfect openness on one side and the appearance of it on the other. Isabel had a talent for suiting her talk and manners to her company. It seemed to Sir William that she was the very woman he had pictured to himself his old friend's wife must be, and he thought more scorn than ever of the warnings the Ruddiford busybodies had given him, and plumed himself on his wisdom and penetration in trusting to my Lady.

They talked politics a little, not going far, but far enough to settle Sir William's mind on that score. He was sure,—more from what she did not say than from what she said—that to call my Lady a Yorkist was to insult her. It appeared to him that she respected the traditions of her family, and this was enough for him. He told his story of Agincourt, and she smiled and asked questions about King Harry the Fifth and her husband in his young days. She knew Sir William's family history; she admired Ruddiford Castle, she praised the fine order of his house, the richness of his appointments. To herself she had wondered how it would be possible to pass even a few days in this savage hole far from modern civilisation, where the Middle Ages still reigned in all their barbarism; but she saw that the place was strong and could well be held for Edward, and she was sincere in thinking that her young Richard would find here no mean heritage.

Thus passed the first quarter of an hour of that interview. Sir William was at his best, happy and mild; his thin old hand stroked his white beard peacefully; his blue eyes, calm, confident, friendly, reposed on the still beautiful woman who sat upright in the chair opposite to him, her clear-cut face young and distinguished in the flattering light of the fire. Sir William himself had half forgotten, as he rambled on of old times and of his various possessions, the serious business that had brought my Lady to Ruddiford. She found it necessary, at last, to begin herself the subject of Lord Marlowe's strange conduct and disappearance.

"The old man is in his dotage," she said to herself. "Like his kind, he can only remember far-away things—Agincourt and such—battles fought before the world began. Antonio

told me less than the truth of the old fool and his folly." Aloud, she made formal apology to Sir William for what Lord Marlowe had done, and explained to him her real wishes, and her amazement at finding in how strange a manner the embassy had failed.

"Ah, your Ladyship's ambassador lost his head," the old man said, smiling. "Your son Richard,—a handsome lad he is, truly—should have come himself to woo my Margaret. She is young, but Lord Marlowe was not the first man to be conquered by her lovely face. There's Jasper Tilney, a wild fellow whose estate borders mine, but I sent him packing, and the faster that Meg did not like him; she hath her fancies, this grandchild of mine."

"In my view," said Lady Marlowe a little drily, "young men and maidens should have no say of their own in matters of marriage. These things must be arranged by the family, for the advantage of all."

"Surely, surely,—your Ladyship is right—my Meg is a spoilt wench, poor little maid. 'Twas altogether a misfortunate thing, that affair of Lord Marlowe. She set her obstinate heart upon him. I would, my Lady, you had seen it all. There sat my Lord—here stood Meg by my chair—"

Isabel waved her hand, smiling, but a little impatiently. "Sir William," she said, "the excellent Antonio, your secretary, did his best to set the thing before me."

"Ah, did he indeed? And he told you how at last it was his own doing—how my Lord, as Tony guessed, was torn between a sudden love for Meg and loyalty to his mission, and how Tony put the words into his mouth, as he was asking her hand for his brother, *Yoursself, my Lord?*"

A curious look came into the

Baroness's face; it was half a smile, curling the lips away from the teeth, but the eyes narrowed unpleasantly. "He did not tell me," she murmured. "Master Antonio did that, and why?"

"Out of pure mischief," the Knight said, nodding wisely. "A small frolic with a great result, which vexed Tony as much as any of us. But after all, to my thinking, the thing was done without any word from Tony. 'Twas love, my Lady, sudden and desperate. I was wroth with my poor Meg, and spoke sharply to her, but when I found that her fine lover had changed his mind as quickly as he made it, and gone north without a word, I was sorry for the maid and scolded her no more. For it seemed to me that, saving your presence, certain gossips were right who had whispered to me—but your Ladyship is distracted!"

For Isabel was staring at the fire, and instead of listening to his talk, was muttering to herself with the same unpleasant smile. "So,—'twas part of the truth after all,—and the question might have served,—not too late to punish by and by,—a dangerous path to cross is mine, pretty boy!"

Sir William's last words recalled her instantly, and with frank face and clear eyes she turned to him. "All this is past," she said. "Two things I have to say to you. First—it was your wish,—I understood that you had written it in your will—that I should have charge of Margaret, educate her suitably in my own house, protect her from unfitting suitors, marry her well. Your own life being uncertain,—though I trust you may see a venerable age—you wished to have a mind at ease as to your granddaughter. I am right, Sir William?"

"All that was indeed my wish," the old man said.

"Then I pray you to understand that this foolish business shall be to us,—to you and me—as if it had never been. I will accept the charge of Margaret, and I will marry her, as soon as may be, to the husband I chose for her on receiving your first letter, my son Richard Marlowe. As to my stepson, no woman has yet come between him and his Queen. He is a strange man, full of quips and turns of fancy, no mate for a fair young girl, such as your Margaret."

"So indeed I think," Sir William said. "But Margaret, my Lady—"

"Leave her to me." Isabel smiled her brightest.

"You will not carry her away now? Nay, nay, I cannot—"

"A moment's patience," she said. "I had a second thing to say. I am plagued with a doubt whether Lord Marlowe ever reached the Queen. Not a word have I had from him since he left Swanlea. I find that his men, having left Ruddiford by his orders to follow him north, never found him, but wandered on the moors, were attacked by outlaws,—as I suppose—robbed, killed, scattered. Two of them, by happy chance, met me on my way. Now, Sir William, by your leave, I will stay a while at Ruddiford. We will marry Richard and Margaret, and we will search every hole and corner in this wild country of yours to find my Lord Marlowe. For, though I may be displeased with him, I cannot allow my husband's son, the head of our house, to disappear like an unknown man."

"Surely not," Sir William cried, his pale old cheeks turning red. "This that you tell me is strange, and very terrible. Why, Meg feared as much. Who can have done this? There are wild fellows abroad. But no—he is bad enough, but he would not dare—where are these two men?" He

started from his chair and shouted—"Tony, Tony, rascal, where art thou?" while her Ladyship sat still and smiled.

CHAPTER IX.

It appeared that the finding of Harry, or at least the gaining some news of him, filled Lady Marlowe's thoughts much more than the immediate marriage of her own son. Her eagerness and anxiety mystified Antonio not a little, for he found it hard to give her Ladyship credit for loving her eccentric and troublesome stepson. Yet, if she cared not at all what became of him, why should she have turned Ruddiford upside down in the attempt to trace his path on that fateful Christmas Day?

Sir William Roden, at least, found her behaviour all that he would have expected from the loyal wife of an elder Harry Marlowe. He was at her service in every way. Parties of his own men and hers were sent out to patrol the north road for many miles. All that they found was the place where the bodies of Lord Marlowe's slain men had been buried by the country people. They searched the scattered farms, the wretched hovels by the way-side; they questioned the villagers with threats of punishment, here and there beating men till they remembered seeing a solitary traveller on foot struggling across the moor in the snow. To the question "Whither went he?" they pointed vaguely northward, ever northward, and it was a fair chance that the impatient men-at-arms, after a weary ride that way, would come storming back over the fells and for all reward beat the poor hinds again. After that their memories failed them, and enquiries were met with obstinate silence and ignorance, more honest than the men were ready to believe. They searched the open

moor, now purple and brown, boggy and wet with all the life of coming spring. Several of them were nearly lost in these bogs, which had swallowed men and horses before now. After searching the caves and rocky shelters, the scattered fir-groves, the acres of heather and gorse and ling, they returned at last to the castle, saying that without a doubt, unless he had gone away so fast as to outstrip his men entirely, which seemed impossible, some of those deep bogs held Lord Marlowe in their black depths, where only the Judgment Day would find him.

His own two men, who joined in the search, thought rather that he had been overtaken and killed by the same band of outlaws who had attacked them. They themselves followed the road in fear and trembling, expecting to meet those old enemies again, whose very existence was a mystery. Jasper Tilney's Fellowship kept their secrets well; the fray had been seen by no man; and there seemed no exact evidence to connect them with this last crime, committed while Ruddiford sat still on Christmas Day, lazily carousing. If Sir William and his people had any suspicion of them, nothing confirmed it; in all the castle only Alice and Antonio knew. Some of the Ruddiford men, despising these fellows from the south, said among themselves that there existed no large known band of robbers so near the north of the town, and suspected that Lord Marlowe's troop, left without a leader, had quarrelled and fought among themselves for the treasure they were known to be carrying; that the strongest had won, and the two cowards now at Ruddiford had run away. This was strongly the opinion of Black Andrew, Sir William's boldest follower, whose visit to Swanlea had filled him with scorn of the

luxury and greediness and unmanly tricks of her Ladyship's household. He went so far as to suggest that Lord Marlowe had been overtaken and murdered by his own men. If Black Andrew had had his way, the two poor wretches who escaped would have cooled their heels in the dungeon by way of refreshing their memories. Luckily for them their mistress did not suspect them. She had them kindly treated and well fed. Perhaps she foresaw a time when an extra couple of strong followers might be useful to her.

During the fruitless search for Harry, the person most interested of all kept herself silent in the background. She heard of all that passed but seemed to notice little. Margaret had grown older by ten years at least in those six weeks of deepening mystery and terror; and this not so much in looks,—for to eyes with understanding there was but a new charm added to the beautiful child's face—but in mind and in bearing. The girl was very stately, and her native pride had deepened into a cold reserve with every one about her. Sir William felt it least, for she was seldom alone with him now, and Lady Marlowe's presence distracted and occupied him. As regarded her, there was no fault to be found with Meg; she did all that was necessary, with Alice and her young maids, in the way of dutiful attendance on her Ladyship. Sir William's conscience plagued him a little now and then, and occasionally Meg met a glance that was wistful; but in these days Isabel's opposite influence was always there, convincing him that her arrangements were the only ones right and necessary.

Meg confided in no one. Old Dame Kate, occupied morning, noon, and night with cares of housekeeping, had now no time to watch her nurs-

ling. The bent old body could scarce bear the burden of fatigue; if she sat down, in a moment she was nodding and tumbling off her chair; the lively spirit was blocked by beef and mutton, drowned in canary and strong ale. Lent was coming on, too, and the supply of fish for such a household was a new anxiety to be faced by Dame Kate. As to the imminence of a wedding feast, no one dared to speak plainly of such a thing in her ears. She would not look forward; the twelve hours that were passing were quite enough for her.

Some barrier,—Alice knew what it was better than Meg—stood between the companions, the two young girls, once such loving friends together. The chill had begun when Jasper Tilney made his formal offer of marriage, so flatly refused; and now, for a few months past, certain signs of a secret intimacy between Alice and Secretary Antonio had offended Mistress Margaret, she hardly knew why. Saying nothing, she had withdrawn herself a little more from Alice who, not untrue to her in heart, dared not now venture a word of sympathy.

In Ruddiford generally, among all the better sort of people, Margaret would have found faithful service enough. The Christmas love-adventure, much discussed by the gossips, met with different opinions in the town; there were those who condemned Lord Marlowe as mad or bad or both, and called Mistress Meg a naughty wench who deserved a whipping; there were others who delighted in the romance of it, admiring the boldness of the knight, the devotion of the lady. Between these parties stood the three worthies who had done their best to check that infatuation by which Sir William had thrown his grandchild and

Ruddiford into the hands of the Marlowes.

In these days Sir Thomas Pye the Vicar, and the two Masters Toste, were often to be seen pacing up the street to the north gate of the castle, where no question was ever made about admitting them. He and they had long forgotten Sir William's hasty violence, which had driven them forth in the autumn so opprobriously. They had taken their old respected place again, though experience had made them cautious about giving their true opinion of the whole Marlowe family, especially now that the Baroness and her train might almost be said to hold the castle. They were careful of intruding on her and Sir William,—the lawyer and the apothecary, at least; for the reverend Vicar, as chaplain, took freely his right of going and coming as he pleased, and young Richard had his fill of laughing at the tall, solemn man who turned a pale visage upon him so threateningly.

The three worthies were never tired of reminding themselves, not to mention the bystanders, that they were the legally appointed executors of Sir William's will, and possibly, probably, the only surviving ones. They made the most, to themselves and others, of the right this office gave them to keep a guardian eye on Mistress Margaret. It was all very well that the personal character of her, in that same will, had been given to Isabel Lady Marlowe. They had not forgotten that her Ladyship was also requested to take counsel with them as to the disposing of Margaret. And for fear that anything should now be done without their knowledge, they haunted the castle persistently. If the old master cared not to receive them, they were sure of a smile when they crossed the threshold of

Meg's own rooms. She knew they loved her. She said no more to them than to any other, but she even forgave Simon Toste his hard words of Harry, though not till the little Doctor's heart had been saddened by her marked coldness to him and courteous attention to his brother and the Vicar.

One of Lady Marlowe's fashions, which gave much discontent to the Ruddiford household, was that of walking about unannounced and unattended, so that no one was sure of escaping her observation. At certain times she was ceremonious enough, and any failure of duty in waiting upon her was sure to meet with sharp reproof; but there were hours when she roamed here and there, finding her way through the ancient passages of the castle, climbing the towers, pacing the ramparts, opening doors without warning, her light, swift steps and the rustle of her gown hardly heard before she was there in presence with bright cold eyes considering any group on which she intruded. And her self-confidence so completely justified her curiosity, that it was not her Ladyship's self, but the men and women who suffered under these visits, who seemed out of place.

Thus, one day, she mounted alone to the tower where Margaret's rooms were, lifted the latch and entered the largest room, where Meg and her maidens had their embroidery frames, and were now working a rich altar-cloth for the church at Ruddiford. Flowers in the garden of Paradise, golden angels with peacock wings swinging censers before the throned Lamb with fleece all curls of silver,—all these were growing and glowing in the room, into which the low February sun shone through narrow windows softly. Four young girls, Meg's waiting-maids, were working

at the frames, and Meg herself was standing in a deep window where the light was strongest, her face gravely bent over two skeins of silk that she was matching together.

This was all very well and as a lady's room should be. But on a high-backed settle between the fireplace and the window, there sat three men in black, a tall man in the middle, a short man on each side of him; the three worthy executors, paying a visit to Mistress Meg and watching the progress of the embroidery. Lady Marlowe was not precisely surprised to see them there, for she had heard men's voices before she opened the door.

All in the room stood up and saluted her as she entered, while Meg came forward and gravely handed her to a chair. Her Ladyship looked round smiling, but with a somewhat quizzical expression.

"Your suite, pretty mistress?" she said softly and playfully.

Meg flushed a little. The four rustic girls in their white caps and aprons, the three quaint men, one more ugly and glum than another, only the good Vicar with any knowledge of the world, and he looking on Lady Marlowe as first cousin to the Devil,—the situation was curious, to say the least of it.

Meg waved her hand towards the three. "Nay, my friends and guests, Madam," she said. "At least you know our honoured Vicar, Sir Thomas Pye."

"Ah, doubtless! You, Sir, with these good men, share with me and, I hope, with my son, Sir William's most intimate confidence."

The three faces cleared. At any rate, her Ladyship was not insolent; on the contrary, her manner and words were gracious. Then outspoke Sir Thomas, advancing, while his humbler colleagues remained in the

shadow of the settle. "I hope, my Lady, that we may all be equally worthy of my good patron's trust."

Her Ladyship took the aspiration well. "Sir," she said, "I make no manner of doubt of it."

For a moment the Vicar considered her doubtfully. Then he turned his eyes on Margaret, who stood by Lady Marlowe very silently with eyes cast down; but he could not read at all what was in her mind. Since she learned that Harry had been lost sight of, and that his mother had never heard, from himself, of the wonderful event of Christmas Eve, Meg had been more silent than ever. It was impossible for any one to touch on that subject with her; no one knew what thoughts, what resolves, might be in her mind now. It seemed as if her grandfather shrank from talking with her, and Lady Marlowe had not yet made for herself an opportunity of speaking face to face with her. Not till now, indeed, had she shown signs of interest in any of Meg's doings.

The sight of the woman in Meg's own room was very unwelcome to Sir Thomas Pye. He considered how he could help the dear maiden by making the time pass pleasantly. With a stride towards the table he stooped over the nearest frame, twisted his head on his long thin neck with an attempt at a smile, and pointed with a skinny finger to the nearest angel's glowing wings. "Your Ladyship should notice this fine piece of work," he said.

Lady Marlowe glanced carelessly that way. "I care not much for needlework," she said coldly. "In times of peace, 'tis fit for fools whose brains lodge in their fingers. In time of war, such as we now have, 'tis to be despised altogether. Women should learn to gird on men's swords, to bind their wounds, to make pillows

for their sick heads and herb drinks for fevered throats. Who knows how soon the war may roll this way? There may be fighting in the little streets of Ruddiford; of what use then, Sir Vicar, will be all your silken embroideries!"

The priest drew himself to his full height. The four girls whose labour was thus condemned looked up with disappointed eyes. Margaret found herself suddenly compelled to turn, to look Lady Marlowe in the face. Something in her ringing tones had brought with extraordinary vividness the thought of Harry. Truly, yes, if he lay wounded here, those rich silks and glorious pictures might soon be rolled up for him to lie upon.

"This work that your Ladyship despises," said Sir Thomas, "is not for the service of man. It is for the high altar in our old church that Mistress Margaret and her maidens are—"

"Sir Vicar, I am not a heathen," Lady Marlowe interrupted with her strange smile. "But needlework has little to do with religion, it seems to me, and I repeat to you, in times like these, my thoughts are too full of serious matters to notice it at all. 'Tis good of its kind, I can see." She stretched out her hand suddenly, and the long fingers caught Margaret's. "I would speak with you alone, child," she said, in that clear voice which men obeyed like a trumpet-call.

The girls fled first at a glance from Margaret. The three worthies made their bows, sped on their way by her smile that seemed to ask their pardon, Lady Marlowe not condescending to notice their going at all. They hurried down the tower stairs and across the court as if the Devil was driving them, with some lack of dignity, and it was not till they were safe in the street that Timothy Toste spoke first, trembling. "I fear," he

said, "I fear to leave Mistress Meg with that woman. Mark my words, she is a wicked woman."

The Vicar crossed himself. "The woman despises the seemly worship of God," he said. "I have heard of such; they tell me that in France and Italy there are many such. May the Holy Trinity bless the child! May the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Margaret, Virgin and Martyr, guard and keep watch over her!"

"Have no fear, brother Timothy and Sir Thomas, they surely will," said little Simon, cheerfully. "And wickedness will not have its way with our sweet Lady Meg; she can be as bold and fiery as her worshipful grandfather. She will drive out the Devil as she drove out me, one day when I vexed her. I can tell you, friends, 'twas a word and a blow."

The other two laughed, in spite of their anxiety.

When Lady Marlowe was left alone with Margaret, she pointed to a stool beside her and told the girl to sit there. Turning to face her, she laid her two hands on her shoulders, and murmuring, "Look at me, child," gazed long into the lovely, clouded eyes that were half unwillingly lifted to hers. As she looked, the smile about her mouth grew a little broader, but there was a line in her forehead, a slight raising of the brows, which quite took away any sweetness there might have been in the smile. Meg's thoughts were confused under this strange inspection. What did Lady Marlowe mean, what did she want with her? No one had dared yet say a word to Meg of the Popinjay's pretensions, and from the boy's own looks she did not fear him. The thought of him did not even cross her mind at this moment; it was Harry, Harry, for whom her tired eyes and sad young mouth were crying and mourning. Would Lady Marlowe speak of

Harry! And behold, she did—for what else could she mean?

"So, pretty one, you would be my daughter," she said under her breath; and Meg blushed sweetly, while her eyes softened and fell. "Nay, there is nothing to make you shame-faced," Lady Marlowe went on. "The thing was no fault of yours. That face of yours, sweet Meg,—when I look at it well, I see beauty for which a man might well risk his honour, if not his salvation. You little country maid, you are a morsel for a prince, much more for a baron, who seldom has the wit to choose so rightly. There, I like your pride," as Meg turned her face away and tried to rise. "Be still, child. Now speak to me from that foolish heart of yours. Are you the only person, do you think, who is fretting for Lord Marlowe?"

It seemed as if the ice melted from Meg's whole nature suddenly. She lifted both hands, then laid them on Lady Marlowe's knees, and bowed her head upon them for a moment. Then she looked up and spoke, first laughing, then with quick tears and sobs that broke into her speech. "Nay, Madam, indeed, I know, I know how you are searching for him. Oh, I thank you for suffering me to speak. I thought, I knew, that you, his mother of whom he talked to me, must feel kindly for me. You must understand all, — though he could never tell you—but where is he? For God's sake, Madam, tell me where he is, or my heart will break."

"Child, do I know?" Lady Marlowe said quickly. "He went, it seems, to join the one he loves best,—yes, best in the world, Meg—another Margaret. That did not surprise me,—we know his Lordship—though indeed a few hours seemed hardly long enough, even for him, and now I wonder still more. But if I thought he had joined the Queen, I should have

no uneasiness. It is the fate of his men that distracts me, and alarms me for his own. How could he have gone so far alone, on foot, in the snow!"

"Yes, 'tis true."

Meg was calm now. She sat very still, looking up at Harry's step-mother. What was in Lady Marlowe's mind? She gazed straight before her with lips parted, eyes wide open, yet seeming at the moment to see nothing. What visions of danger and death were floating before her? Presently Meg recalled her with a word, and life leapt back into the woman's eyes like an agile beast of prey.

"I thought," the girl began, "sometimes I think still, that my Lord never left Ruddiford. At the time I knew it was false, that story of his going."

"Are you mad, girl? What do you mean?" The words flashed out like a sword from its sheath, but neither from voice nor eyes did Meg shrink.

It was the first time, since Antonio's news of Harry's departure struck her down, that she had put that extraordinary impression into words. "It is false! He is not gone!" she had cried then, and her grandfather, he and Antonio, had looked on her with pity; but in Antonio's eyes there was something else than pity, and she had never since borne to look upon him or speak to him as of old.

"Tell me why you say this, and instantly. What befell him, if he did not leave Ruddiford? Who knows the truth?" Lady Marlowe demanded sternly.

Meg, with paling cheeks and darkening eyes, told her all she remembered of that fatal Christmas Day, and my Lady listened with an intensity that lost no glance or tone.

At last she smiled and shook her head. "The young Italian," she said, "what motive had he for any foul play, he, whose monkey trick, as Sir William tells me, pushed my stepson over the line of honour? Ha! does he dare, perchance,—but why that trick? If the creature, unworthy to lick the dust before you, dares to love you, Margaret, why then—"

"'Tis all a mystery," Meg said. "But indeed afterwards, he hated my Lord—I saw it, Madam, as I tell you, in his eyes."

"And you did not accuse him?"

"I lost my senses,—I knew nothing,—and then it seemed an unreasoning fancy. And my grandfather loves Antonio,—and we played together for so long—"

"Ah! Too long, I doubt," Lady Marlowe said, "too long for the Italian. You never gave him hope, you never—"

She broke off, warned by the indignant flash in the girl's eyes.

"You know, Madam, who he is," Meg said coldly. "But I may be slandering him. He may know no more than he says. I cannot tell."

"We will make sure," said Lady Marlowe, very low.

Leaning back in her chair, she let her eyes rest with a kind of pleasure on Meg's beautiful head, now bent thoughtfully. None of the girl's attractiveness was lost upon her. She was quite clever enough to appreciate the dignity and pure goodness which made so large a part of it.

"Margaret," Isabel said, with a curious, deep ring in her voice, "is it your belief that Harry Marlowe is dead,—done to death, perhaps, by the jealousy of this Italian?"

"No; I do not think he is dead. If he were dead, he would show himself to me in a vision."

"The crystal might tell us; it

should, if I were at home," her Ladyship murmured. "Listen, Margaret." She laid one hand on Meg's head, and with the other raised her chin. "Your grandfather gives me charge of you," she said, in her quietest, most earnest way. "And I have a demand to make of you,—a simple one, truly, and I honour you by making it, but I would rather rule by love than fear, my beautiful child. I demand your entire trust and confidence; I ask your true and honest help in all my doings. First, my Lord Marlowe must be found or his fate known, and with that end you must spare no one. Neither fear nor favour nor ancient friendship nor pity must let you interfere between my designs and me. You agree, Margaret? You place yourself in my hands? You are as my daughter would be, if I had the good fortune to possess one like you?"

"I am in your hands," Meg said; but Isabel's quick instinct knew that a doubt still lay behind. "You have a condition?" she said. "Speak to me without fear."

The red blood surged up again into Meg's cheeks; she took Lady Marlowe's hand and touched it softly with her lips, and looked up into the resolute face that smiled upon her. "Your object is mine," she said. "Find him,—give him back to me,—I am yours for ever."

"Foolish child," Lady Marlowe said under her breath; and she added aloud: "If we fail, Meg, if death has him, or forgetfulness,—ah, you know little of life, you babe of sixteen years—then still you are mine, your future is mine. You trust me, Meg, and follow my leading? You are loyal, and believe no lies of me? I may reckon on you as a true and loving daughter?"

"I am your true and loving daughter," was Margaret's answer.

"Give me Lord Marlowe, — and if he is dead, give him to me still — and if he has forgotten, no other man shall speak of love and marriage to me. But I know that cannot be," and she laughed.

"Those eyes, that mouth, that hair, might draw a dead man out of his grave," Isabel muttered, half to herself. "Well, child, my word upon it, you shall marry none but my Lord Marlowe. We will speak together again; say nothing of this talk of ours."

She too laughed, and stooping, kissed Meg upon the forehead and the eyelids, then rose quickly and left her, forbidding her to follow.

As she swept through the galleries, there were no ears in the thick walls to catch what she said, and luckily, for she talked to herself all the way. "Harry, Richard, — Richard, Harry

—one Lord Marlowe is as good as another, and better still—if I can only be sure! Ah, my little Antonio, we shall see what you have to say to me."

Passing the embrasure of a window, she stepped into it and looked out on the broad rampart below. The sun was shining on two figures; a man's arm was round a woman's waist; her fair head lay against his bright green shoulder. The many colours of his smartly-cut garments, the golden hair that curled on his neck,—all, though his face was turned away, betrayed young Richard Marlowe.

"Fool!" said her Ladyship, and stamped her foot, but went on her way laughing.

When she reached her own apartments, "Send for Master Antonio," was the order that she gave.

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN OF NATURE.

THE sun was nearly gone from the desolate city. Patches of stagnant water, catching the level rays, glistened here and there like foil on the poisonous greenness of the hollow. Other patches, grey in the shadow or golden-brown in the light, were resolved by a field-glass into ruinous structures standing in deep marsh. A tethered horse, grazing on the rim of the slough, the faint tinkling of goat-bells, and three black tents near a pine-log shelter were the only witnesses to human life on the holiest site of Lycia.

With the certainty of swampy ground ahead we had to dismount; for the Anatolian horse, whether from heredity or from some bitter personal experience of bogland, will fall into a paroxysm of terror at the sight of water in his path; and I have seen the most battered pack-jade rear and prance like Job's war-horse rather than pass a six-inch gutter. So a-foot we went down to see Patara. These cumbered sites of dead cities may refresh the soul, but certainly they vex the body. The curse of lost Paradise seems to brood on them, bidding the longest thorns and the stoutest thistles grow and multiply between their stones. Snakes and scorpions wait for the unwary hand in every cranny, and all blocks seem to have fallen edge uppermost or to be ready to turn under a hasty foot.

Patara was not to be ventured upon without the opportune leading of a Yuruk herd-boy; for that part of it in the thickest of the cane-brake, where once must have been a sea-pool and harbour, seemed im-

penetrable. A fortress of the Byzantine age has been the last permanent habitation of men; and along the broken crenellations of its walls we had to follow clumsily the soft-shod feet of the guide. It was no holiday ramble. The wall was a mere *arête* between inky depths on the left and a slimy jungle on the right; it was often broken and always unsafe, and over its rottenest parts a passage had to be forced through clumps of rank vegetation. Our slow progress was marked by the splashing of loose stones into the pool; and the scurrying of its myriad gruesome tenants, and ere we had struggled out to dry land, near the sand-choked ruin of the Roman theatre, it was high time to cast about for shelter.

Far down the marsh a goat-herd's cry sounded faintly as he drove his flock to the higher ground, amid a responsive jangle of gathering bells; and loud in our ears sang the first mosquitoes of sundown. Of a summer night what pests must rise from that rotting slough! Even on the heights above a camp would be intolerable. But in this chill April weather one might pass the dark there well enough, and so we set our faces towards the pine-log shelter and the three black booths. Finding the first full of dung, wherein fleas and ticks unnumbered lay in ambush, we sent a Greek servant ahead to parley with the Yuruk tent-dwellers. This was a tactical mistake. Hospitality, even in the East, is more often enforced by public opinion than offered out of the fulness of the heart. Meet your possible host half way

therefore, and without that hesitancy which the polite code of the West prescribes, and place yourself within the sphere of his tribal conscience, identifying yourself with his dwelling or his kin; touch his beard, his knees, his head, his salt, his tent-rope. For all nomads are encased in tribal selfishness, and of nomads the closest of fist are those who, like Yuruks, wander under the shadow of a Government wholly external to them, which takes of everything and give nothing in exchange. What do the tent-dwellers want with the apparatus of official Ottoman civilisation, with the police, only seen at the heels of the publican, with the local *Mairie*, only entered at the heels of the police, with the new roads or the spidery bridges, which their sagacious asses wisely avoid? All these things they curse in the same breath with the provinces of Yemen and Hasa to which their sons are spirited as conscripts. Where a Government is to be kept as far as may be from sight and knowledge of the tribal possessions, no nearer shall the casual stranger come,—a tax-gatherer as likely as not, or a spy of the local assessor,—who knows? Among such jealous folk a party like ours was likely to fare ill enough if it waited for an invitation; for we were not strange enough in gait or guise to rouse that curiosity which overmasters suspicion.

The Greek came back to say we had found bad men, and had best ride back to the port, night though it was. But we had no mind to ride jaded beasts for four moonless hours over an execrable path; and the Yuruks looked honest folk enough. So we did at last what we should have done at first, walked straightway into the largest tent and sat us down by the ashes of its fire. No one showed surprise. We were within

our social right by the code, and the owner had no choice but to follow and speak the customary words of welcome. But suspicion evidently clouded his simple mind, and we had still to go through that exasperating Ollendorffian dialogue, which in one language or other must be held wherever men have been taught by long and bitter experience to conceal their wealth.

"Have you barley for our beasts?"

"We have no barley."

"But we give money." (Chins jerk and tongues click.) "Well have you chopped straw?"

"There is none."

"Good!—nor eggs?"

"We have no eggs" (suggesting abundance in the next camp).

"Nor milk?"

"To-day, none."

"Nor butter, nor bread, nor anything?"

"Nor anything!"

"Ah, and these fowls, they lay no eggs?"

"*Ai!* they lay, God be praised!"

"And those nanny-goats, they make no milk?"

"*Wallah!* They make milk."

"Then here, by the will of God, we stay. Quick! barley, milk, eggs! We stay."

And in nine cases out of ten all your simple wants will be supplied in the end; and although you refuse the inevitable prayer for those rejuvenating philtres of which all Franks are understood to hold the secret you will part in the dawn the best of friends from the unwilling host of the evening before.

Should an Eastern anywhere depart from this indifferent reserve and meet you on your half of the way, put it not down to his proverbial hospitality, but suspect some particular motive of self-interest. A few years ago certain official assessors of

lands for taxation, working their way through the villages on the left bank of the Nile, suddenly found the obstruction that had embittered their earlier progress yield to a spirit of spontaneous welcome. Sheikhs and notables came forth to greet them. The best of the village was at their service, and the fullest revelation was made of the wealth of the community, and especially the high value of its lands. Meanwhile a second Commission, advancing *pari passu* on the contrary bank, was equally surprised by a change in the peasants' demeanour. Its business was to purchase lands for a State-railway, and lo, here was field after field which it seemed was worth hardly an old song. So the two Commissions worked apace up both banks for a day or two; then came weeping and wailing right and left, and ahead obstruction more dogged than ever. For in a fatal moment the Assessors had been mistaken for the Railway Surveyors, the Surveyors for the Assessors!

With us, however, all went well enough. Neither our clothes nor, truth to tell, our halting speech, were such as were used by any publican that the old Yuruk had ever seen. So pine logs were heaped on the embers, tobacco-boxes offered and accepted, buttermilk and unleavened dampers brought in by the wrinkled dame. The patriarch unbosomed his griefs as is the habit of his kind,—how he had broken up and sowed a bit of Noman's Land, and promptly found it assessed as a field under irrigation,—how his last plough-ox had been taken to discharge a debt not half its value, and his son, the support of his age, was gone to the Yemen,—never to return. *Wallah!* He knew this Government! The tale sounded pathetic to Western ears and we tried awkwardly to sympathise with the old man; but we had no

help from the Greek, reassured by this time. Knowing how lightly such woes weigh on these bird-like wanderers who are here to-day, dispersed to-morrow, and fatalist always above settled folk, he chimed in with ribald pleasantries savouring of the gaffs of Galata, to the incontinent delight of the patriarch and his son, little familiar with urban wits.

His indecencies, but half understood, seemed no affair of mine, and silently thankful to be discharged from the talk, I ceased to regard it. The night had fallen luminous though as yet without moon, and profoundly still, as night can be in its first hours on a Levantine shore. Not a needle stirred on the pine fronds; only the flat note of a bell came up now and again from the fold as a beast rose to its feet or lay down. In the pauses of the talk one might hear the faint intermittent murmur of stones, trees, and earth, respiring the heat of the day past. And whenever, to the relief of unaccustomed eyes, the smoky fire died down, a flying column of mosquitoes would sail in by the door, to dispute our persons with the fleas.

These tent-dwellers seemed lighter of heart than the men of town and village, merrier perhaps for having less between them and the sky. There is this to be said for tent-life in a warm clime,—it exhilarates, like the casting off of clothing; and perhaps that is why civilised men of other climes have so much hankering for a trial of it, despite its insecurity and its plague of blowing dust, and the noonday heat and the cold in the dawn. But the canvas booth is not meant for house-dwellers who must carry with them much furniture and many scattered possessions and sit high and stand upright. For it should be low to cheat the wind, and empty of all that may gather dust, a

mere canvas burrow, just such a shelter from draught and sun and dew as suits the exceeding simplicity and poverty of thought of nomad peoples in whom want of occupation and variety in life leaves no void to be filled by that morbid introspection dear to civilised solitaires.

The woman took no part in the discourse. She had not shared the meal that her husband ate after his guests were satisfied, but had presented to him the bowl with the faintest motion of one palm towards her breast. Having obeyed the immemorial instinct of reverence for the male, she sank on her heels to coax the fire and croon over the ashes, throwing a question now and again at us, till some pastoral duty called her outside the tent. No domestic accord was ever more complete. Man and woman, without friction, question, or strife, sufficed together for all the necessary junctions of existence. In her constant performance of light physical labours she had probably never known the woes of either her toiling or her idle Western sisters. For her there were no sexual cravings unfulfilled, no assumption of the manly part, no fear of loneliness in middle life or age. If she must in all things be obedient, even to stripes, the inexorable opinion of a simple society would protect her from any physical tyranny. Even in the nomad's tent the rod is held a fool's weapon, and woe to him who can rule his household by no other, or fails to pay in a multitude of punctilious ways her due honour to the wife. For honour all Eastern wives will have at their husband's hands, hardly less than a Western woman's, and that even if living, not in this simple peasant state, but in the normal seclusion of the harem. For the harem of that sort of which we commonly think, with

its eunuchs and bars and bowstrings, and its soulless slaves of lust, is hardly less an exception in Moslem societies than the household of a French pornographic novel in Christian. Some increase of seclusion it seems there must be in the South. The climate makes hot blood, and society cannot so effectively discourage there the use of a man's brute strength. But the seclusion of most women in the western Moslem lands is not more severe than in the southern lands of Europe. With one feature reserved, a feature more objectionable in theory than in practice, the normal family system of the East is not worse for a woman than this,—that she has absolute disposal of a part of the house, with her own inviolate apartment, the control of her own property and her own children to the age of puberty, and an indefeasible claim to honour and protection with no anxiety for present or future. But outside the strictly domestic life she will seldom be invited and never expected to share her husband's activities, or indeed to have much activity of any kind.

"Bad enough," says her restless Western sister, "and what about your reservation? What is exclusive possession of house, property and children, if the husband must be shared?" It is true that they have yet to learn in the East that a husband is as much property as a wife, and that polygamy, equally with polyandry, breaks a natural law; but it is no less true that plurality of wives is in practice less common there than monogamy. Woman has asserted her claim to the single possession of a man hardly less successfully in Moslem societies than in Christian; and in effect there are millions of the Faithful who remain loyal through life to one partner. The constant possibility of polygamy,

however, lowering, as we conceive it, the status of all Moslem women, is not to be explained away; and at the same time, it is not to be discussed by a wise man with any well educated and intelligent Moslem who knows Europe. For he is likely to hold in reply such language as this: "Yes, we sanction plurality, under strict limitations; but we practise it less than you practise promiscuity under no legal limitation worth mentioning. In the interest of whom do you condemn polygamy? Of the children? We safeguard that effectually in all cases, whereas in nine out of ten of your unsanctioned unions, it is in no way secured. Of the woman? True for a moiety; but how many women do you condemn to take no share in the origination of life, their first function? Of the man? Him again you condemn to a partial fulfilment of that function and often enough to failure to fulfil it at all. Of the family as a whole? But Eastern society is as widely and as firmly based on the family as Western, and indeed more so; for I have noted among you more than one sign that the family is no longer in such honour as with us. Your system of education, for example, seems to be tending more and more to remove children from the parents, and to imbue them with ideas that are not those of the family from which they spring; and you complete your destructive work by Imperialist propaganda with its encouragement of celibate adventure. Furthermore, is not national rather than family loyalty come in your society to be canonised as the highest virtue? And the strongest intellects among you preach a wider loyalty still. When you have realised the Christianity of Christ, where will be the family?"

I have tried to confound these

Moslem critics with our favourite maxim, that no practice of what is regarded as immoral is a hundredth part so harmful as the theoretic sanction of it; but I have found they attach so much less importance to the possible effect of a principle of national purity on national character than to the actual effect of illegitimacy, social outlawry, preventible sterility, and other consequences, which our code entails on individuals, that of late I have avoided argument on the topic.

Roused from a spell of uneasy sleep by the cold as much as by the insect legions, I found the talk ceased and the talkers slumbering, with their feet to the fire. A sea-wind, rising gustily, roused an intermittent glow from the dying embers in its inroads through the tent-door; and the old Yuruk was revealed a moment, lying supine, his head on the lap of his dame, who leaned back asleep against the tent-pole. More ancient far than any ruin in the marsh seemed that nomad pair, primeval in creed as in all habits of life. Islam they claimed to profess in the face of such strangers as ourselves,—all the Yuruks will do that—but Allah had not the best part of their private allegiance; and under his name, no doubt, they revered without ritual or articulate creed some survival of a private tribal god, with whom as a kinsman they felt the possibility of more intimate communion. The All-Father of the Arabs, no more than He of the Hebrews, has chased the petty gods of place and tribe out of the Nearer East; and the power of local deities, far older than either of the great surviving creeds, is still commemorated in the worship of saints of both hagiologies, at tombs in which their bodies never lay, and in hill-side churches with which they had no concern in life,—if live they did.

Nowhere in the world will men readily give up particular gods, who may do for them what they feel cannot be asked and will not be obtained from a Universal God. For there is that ineradicable desire in man to narrow the field of divine omnivision which has been the bane of all œcumenic creeds. It has lain behind the elaboration of all rituals and the practice of all sectarian cults, and counts for much even in the offering of daily prayer.

In all likelihood the private cult of Yuruks has been affected by the universal Allah of Islam no more and no less than the pre-Islamic cult of the Bedouins, by whom it has been said he was accepted at first only as a general and permanent Judge of Appeal, to open a way out of those terrible *impasses* into which tribal gods bring their human kin. He was to play in short the umpire's part, which all races, whose only police measure is the blood-feud, must delegate from time to time to some individual, as a condition of the continued existence of society at all. The Meccan All-Father offers himself undefined, cumbered by no local ritual, not much more than an abstraction of the Theistic Idea. Almost anything can be read into him. He accepts identification with every kin-father, and is compatible with all forms of *ketman*, that *suppressio veri* so easily justified and so readily practised by the intellect of the Nearer East. Not so the God of the Christians, not so at any rate that God whom the Christians of the Nearer East worship. At the best, as He is presented by Western missionaries, He is a jealous individual God, to be served by a rigid code of conduct, a God of morals, most unacceptable and indeed hardly comprehensible by men for whom morality is regulated by custom not religion. At the worst, under His familiar aspect in the Le-

vant, His service, divorced from morality, consists in the strict performance of elaborate ritual offices of a kind scarcely possible to true nomads, and discordant even with that faint and far-away memory of a wandering life which survives deep down in the heart of almost every settled Moslem of Hither Asia. Bedouins and Yuruks have no capacity for elaborate ritual acts of salvation. The few required by Islam they can ignore or evade; the many which characterise Christianity, as they see it, repel them as effectually as its menace of a new code of conduct. A God, not requiring to be worshipped in any one consecrated place, accessible without priestly intermediaries, and therefore without money, who needs neither symbols nor tokens, and says nothing as to conduct which does not directly regard himself,—this is the God for the wandering men. He is devoid of material elements, parts, and earthly semblance, not because he is a Spirit but because he is a Shadow. Nothing of that real sense of the omnipresence and omnipotence of a spiritual Allah, which seems to possess the most stolid of settled Moslems and elevates their creed at its best into one of the purest forms of Monotheism conceivable, is present to the wanderers. They are as careless of him as, they take it, he is careless of them. When Allah first made the world, say the Bedouins, he ordered Creation during six days, and on the seventh was about to compose himself to sleep, when a man stood before him and said: "Thou hast apportioned the world, but to us given nothing. Behold, my people still in the desert!" And the Creator looked and saw the Bedouins indeed forgotten in the waste, but he would not disturb his order. "This do," he replied; "since ye dwell in what is no man's, ye shall take from what is any man's. Go

your way." So his own way from that hour has the Bedouin gone, careless of Creation and its Creator.

It was deep night still, but the moon, sinking to the sea, threw an image of the tent door across the fire, bleaching the glow of the wood embers. The old dame opened her eyes suddenly as a waking animal, shuffled her knees sideways from under the man's shoulders, gently lowered his head to a saddlebag and yawning left the tent. I heard her gather fuel without, with which presently she returned and made up the fire. Then she went down towards the fold, where a continuous jangle told of uneasy udders and a premonition of coming day. The growing warmth to my feet brought an hour's forgetfulness, and I woke to find the dusk of dawn in the tent, but the dame not yet returned. At her labours of milking and tending the herd, she at least showed little enough of that indolent contemplative habit with which we credit the East. I

scrambled to my feet, stiff with cramp and cold, and stood in the tent door. The great sheep-dogs, which had bayed over night, recognised a temporary addition to the family by sidling silently out of range, and settling watchful again on the gossamers. A false impalpable sea, which had flowed inland, filled the hollow where Patara lay, and submerged all but the higher dunes beyond it; but above its smoky limit, the true sea could be seen rising to the horizon in palest tints of mauve and green. Against the brightening sky the profile of a shaggy range beyond the Xanthus river stood up harder and harder, rib after rib detaching itself on the ample slopes; and drawn along its crest towards the parent chain of Taurus, my eye caught the first flush of day on a pinnacle of snow. The old Yuruk, stretching himself twice or thrice, rose, spat, pushed through the door, and leaving his dame to set milk and cheese before us, strode off without a word of farewell.

D. G. HOGARTH.

OF THE USE AND ABUSE OF TOBACCO.

THOUGH differences of temperament may not allow everyone the mild indulgence of the pipe, all are interested in learning that in the leaves of the Indian's weed dwells a friendly genius ready to protect us from the virulent attacks of the myriad host of invisible life which floats around us, in some cases infecting the air we breathe, the food we eat, and the water we drink. This assurance comes to us from the bacteriologist, whose experiments conducted under the microscope demonstrate that contact with the smoke of tobacco destroys the vitality of microbes.

It is also gratifying to learn that our forefathers, in whose wisdom all right-minded people, of course, fondly believe, were not wholly wrong in their estimate of the manifold virtues of their beloved herb. With the largeness of faith which belongs equally to the infancy of research and the springtime of life, they believed with the implicit faith of childhood in its all-healing powers. And the learned in the secrets of Nature proclaimed to suffering humanity that out of the heart of the New World had come a remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to. But if facts grew too strong for faith to grapple with, and overthrew their Dagon, this one consolation remains to testify to their just appreciation of the weed, namely, that tobacco can and does destroy contagious germs.

Glancing back to the early records of its advent in Europe we came upon Liebault in 1570 discoursing pleasantly on the marvellous virtues of the herb, and learn of him that it

owes its introduction into the fashionable world to Jean Nicot, and its credentials to its power over disease, more particularly over the malady he calls *Noli me tangere*.

Jean Nicot, Lord of Villemain, and Master of the Requests of the French King's household, was sent as ambassador to the Portuguese Court in 1559, remaining there until 1561. On the occasion of his visiting the State prisons of Lisbon, the keeper presented him with specimens of a strange herb, which had just arrived in Port from Florida, shipped by a Flemish merchant. Nicot's curiosity was aroused and he took an early opportunity of purchasing from the merchant a quantity of the prepared leaves, and some seeds of the plant. Learning from him what use the Indians made of the weed, and their manner of smoking it, he began to experiment, first upon himself (as all good practitioners should do) and liking it, he caused some of the seeds to be sown in his garden, where to his great delight they grew and multiplied exceedingly. There can hardly be a doubt that Nicot had been told by the merchant that the Indians expressed a juice from the leaves with which they cured the wounds received in battle, and that he had made this known to his domestics. For Liebault says that the Lord Ambassador was one day advertised of a young man of kin to his page who had made assay of the herb, bruised and in liquor, upon an ulcer he had upon his cheek near unto the nose, wherewith he found himself marvellously eased. Whereupon Nicot caused the said

young man to be brought before him, and after minute inspection he ordered the sufferer to continue the treatment eight or ten days longer. Nicot now hurried off to the King of Portugal's physician and informed him of the case, and together they watched the progress of the cure. By the end of ten days the physician was enabled to certify that the *Noli me tangere* was "utterly extinguished," and the face "comfortably healed." Shortly afterwards Nicot's cook almost cut off his thumb with a great chopping knife, and he too flew to the new remedy for relief, and after five or six dressings was likewise comfortably healed. Many other similar cases and their comfortable cure are recorded by Liebault and Monardes. News of the potent influence of the weed, now commonly called the Ambassador's herb, over bodily infirmity spread with amazing rapidity, and out of every nook and corner of the kingdom there flocked to the Ambassador sufferers of all sorts and conditions, praying to be healed of their ailments. Nicot's garden was now a centre of attraction for fashionable loungers: his house had already become an infirmary; and great was the rejoicing when the maimed, the sick, and the wounded threw away their crutches, sound of body and full of faith. From the recital whereof it plainly appears that though names may change, poor humanity remains pretty much what it was in the beginning, and none wax so fat in fame or fortune as those who minister to its weaknesses.

Tidings of the pleasing delusion of tobacco's wonderful curative properties reached these shores towards the close of the sixteenth century, when the pipe was already installed in almost every chimney-nook. Needless to say that lovers of the weed received the intelligence with warmth, and held to

the new belief with a steadfastness nothing could shake. Some of England's foremost poets and dramatists signalised their high appreciation of the exotic's rare attributes in imperishable literature. Edmund Spenser, for example, was a great smoker, and when he and Raleigh met in Ireland they would sit together by the hour over a soothing pipe, while holding delightful contests of responsive versifying. In the FAËRY QUEENE is a passage telling how Belphebe hastened into the woods to gather herbs to heal the wounded Timais:

For she of herbs had great intendiment,
Taught of the Nymph which from her
infancy

Her nursed had in true nobility:
There, whether it divine Tobacco were,
Or Panachea, or Polygony,
She found and brought it to her patient
dear,

Who all this while lay bleeding out his
heart-blood near.

In a similar vein William Lyly, Queen Elizabeth's court-poet, speaks of the weed in his play entitled THE WOMAN IN THE MOONE. Pandora, having wounded a lover with a spear, urges her attendant to gather

. . . Balm and cooling violets,
And of our holy herb nicotian,
And bring withal pure honey from the
hive,
To heal the wound of my unhappy
hand.

Ben Jonson, Thomas Dekker, and a host of other playwrights and pamphleteers found in the the new indulgence a source of endless amusement, and belaboured tobaccoists, as smokers were then called, with rare sallies of wit and humour.

How enraptured medical men were with the new herb, believing that at last they had discovered the panacea of their happiest dreams, may be

learned from Dr. Gardiner's TRIALL OF TOBACCO. In this rare quarto volume, published in London in 1610, the author informs the reader that, although an old man, he has undertaken the task of compiling the book in order to supply a proper knowledge of the plant so much in use among Englishmen. For the cure of the asthmatical, and such persons as are of a consumptive tendency, he prescribed liberally of *Foliorum Sana Sancta Indorum*, combined with other medicaments unknown to modern therapeutics, and which may be readily accredited with very effectual properties,—effectual, one would think, in expelling the extravagant belief of the learned leeches of those days in tobacco as a sovereign remedy. How people managed to take such concoctions as Dr. Gardiner prescribed and live is beyond conception; their Spartan-like endurance shines out conspicuously under a treatment which embraces “tobacco gruel,” “tobacco wine,” also, tobacco made up into a kind of soup, or syrup, “with sufficient sugar.” The patient is recommended to drink the decoction hot, as a medicine against the plague.

A glimpse of the strange notions which entered the heads of our forefathers respecting the medicinal virtues of the Indian weed may be gained from a perusal of the curious collection of odds and ends of social and literary gossip, contained in the Harleian Miscellany. Under the head of *Tobacco* the writer says he once knew some persons who every day ate several ounces of the herb without experiencing any sensible effect; and from this he infers that, “Use and custom will tame and naturalise the most fierce and rugged poison, so that it will become civil and friendly to the body.”

Though he appears, for his own part,

to have a wholesome dread of such experimenting, he seems unable to break away from the common belief, that “the qualities, nature, and uses of tobacco may be very considerable in several cases and circumstances, although King James himself hath both writ and disputed very smartly against it.” The reader is next informed that a French author in *THE JOURNAL OF SCIENCE* (1681) has “writ a peculiar tract of tobacco, wherein he commends it for bringing on sleep”; an idea probably derived from Dr. Thorius's *HYMNUS TABACI* (1625) which passed through many editions in London, Paris, and Utrecht. In this elegant Latin poem Thorius playfully alludes to the drowsiness tobacco-smoking produced upon the gods:

. . . The gods Bacchus, Liber,
Jove, Mars, Vulcan, Mercury, Apollo,
Lustily through their nose the smoke
did take,
As if another *Ætna* they would make.
The goddesses, pleas'd with the novelty,
Laugh'd all the while, but when they
did see
How much to sleep that night the gods
were given,
Angry, decreed it should be banish'd
Heav'n.

The purifying action of tobacco-smoke on unwholesome air was fully recognised in Pepys's time, when during the Great Plague of 1665-6 the pipe was to be seen in almost every mouth. Pepys like others sought protection in the weed, and purchased roll-tobacco to chew. In his immortal diary is a note under date, June 7th, 1665:

This is the hottest day that I ever felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane, see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and, ‘Lord have mercy upon us,’ writ there, which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind

that to my remembrance I ever saw. It put me in an illoconception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll-tobacco to smell and to chew, which took away my apprehension.

Dr. Willis, Physician in ordinary to Charles the Second, speaks highly of the valuable antiseptic properties of tobacco. In his work entitled, *A PLAIN AND EASY METHOD OF PRESERVING (BY GOD'S BLESSING) THOSE THAT ARE WELL FROM THE INFECTION OF THE PLAGUE* (1666) he remarks upon the exemption from the pestilence of houses where tobacco was stored for manufacture or sale :

Nor, indeed, were those persons affected who smoked tobacco, especially if they smoked in a morning, a time when the body is more susceptible to outer influences than it is later in the day. For the smoke of the plant secures those parts which lie most open, namely, the mouth, nostrils, etc., and at once intercepts and keeps the contagion that floats in the air from the brains, lungs, and stomach. It also stirs the blood and spirits all over, and makes them throw off any contagion that may adhere to them.

In another treatise on the subject Dr. Willis makes equally shrewd remarks on the use of tobacco among soldiers and sailors. He says, "Tobacco taken in the vulgar way by the mouth through a pipe has effects not only manifold but diverse," and he explains that its use, "when it may be had, seems not only necessary but profitable for soldiers and mariners, for that it renders them both fearless of any danger, and patient of hunger, cold, and labour." Military experiences of recent years bear testimony to the beneficial use of tobacco in almost the same words.

The learned Dutch Physician, Dr. Diemerbroeck, of Utrecht, in his *TRACTATUS DE PESTE* (1635-6) lays stress on the good which he found to come of smoking tobacco. So fully

was he persuaded of its powers to kill contagion that for his own sake he smoked almost continuously while attending upon his patients in the hospitals at Nimeguen during the prevalence of the great plague in Holland. He began the day with a pipe; after dinner he would take two or three more, and a like number after supper; and if at any time he felt himself affected by his surroundings he immediately had recourse to the weed, which he regarded as his comforter in affliction and preserver from the plague. Dr. Diemerbroeck would seem to have been a model officer of health. Armed with his chosen instrument he gallantly charged the enemy at all hours and in all places, striding along the aisles of death unscathed. His services were invaluable, and ought surely to have been utilised over a larger area than they were. As Smoking Sanitary Commissioner he might have visited, say, Cologne, where much to the advantage of the inhabitants, more particularly to visitors, he doubtless would have founded a *Tabako-Collegium*. Coleridge would then most likely have been spared his discomfiture and precipitate rout on his encountering there "seventy-two separate and well-defined stinks."

We now approach the threshold of new and more enlightened views of the uses of tobacco. From the first inception of the idea of its possessing curative properties it passed through two distinct phases in the medical world. First it was received as a heaven-sent boon to suffering humanity, and was applied with a lavish hand for the cure of every malady. Then followed bitter experiences of pain and even death inflicted in cases where it had been fondly hoped relief would be obtained. We see medical practice struggling in

a dim uncertain light towards fuller knowledge, yet baffled at every step. Reluctantly the doctor is driven to forsake his new love, and again we see him turning to the plants of his native soil for the realisation of the great dream of his life,—a panacea, which to him meant all that the philosopher's stone could signify to the alchemist; and once more we hear of Solar Elixirs, and of occult medicaments prepared from herbs gathered in the glimpses of the moon; for it was argued that the ruling heavenly bodies, from whose divine energy had sprung all life, must assuredly have provided remedies for the evils with which life is burdened. The reaction which followed upon the disappointment was so strong that tobacco became the shibboleth of the profession, whose leading spirits denounced as charlatans all who ventured to remain faithful to the creed of the tobaccoconist. This second stage reached its culmination half a century ago, when Mr. Lizars and Mr. Solly, of St. Thomas's Hospital, inaugurated a crusade against tobacco, holding forth on the physical and mental misery, leading to insanity, which must inevitably follow its use in any form. One instance among many may suffice to indicate Mr. Solly's method of terrifying smokers. He speaks of a young clergyman of his acquaintance who could only write his sermons under the stimulus of a pipe; he admits that his discourses were eloquent, even brilliant, and profitable to listen to. Then Mr. Solly, pointing an admonitory finger, utters the solemn warning,—“But the end of that man is not yet!”

Fortunately there is no longer need to consider whether tobacco deserves the hard things said of it, or whether it is to be ranked among the chief blessings a beneficent Providence has

conferred upon this nether world. These things are settling themselves in their proper places under the critical eyes of modern science, and the larger and more rational views derived from experiences in the field, the camp, and the hospital. Conspicuous among medical treatises of recent years wherein the subject is dispassionately surveyed may be mentioned that of Dr. John C. Murray, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Remarking upon the curative effect of tobacco-smoking on the sick and wounded in the Franco-German war, he says that its healing virtues were so obvious to an army-surgeon of his acquaintance that from being strongly opposed to the use of tobacco he became a convert, in so far that he actually purchased cigars and presented them to the wounded, in consequence of having observed that their smoking assisted recovery. “This experience,” adds Dr. Murray, “is contrary to what has been enunciated as theory, or deduced from isolated examples taken from the hospitals. Practical observation from previously healthy men, must, however, be allowed precedence of speculation when inferred from disease.” This admission marks a decided advance towards harmonising the faults of speculative reasoning with the actual experiences of everyday life.

Taking a general survey of army medical officers' reports of work done in the hospital-camps, he finds evidence in abundance supporting the view that tobacco-smoking does in some indefinable way mitigate suffering and help to a speedy recovery. Not only were the good effects manifest in the comfort it afforded the men on the march, but chiefly in the camp and the hospital, where under its soothing influence the wounded were often snatched from death and the sick restored to

health. An amusing incident of a wounded soldier's love for his pipe is noted in a lady's diary kept while occupied as a nurse in a British hospital. Private McCarthy while under chloroform had just had one of his toes amputated by the surgeon. The wound bled freely, and the surgeon, after binding it up, left strict injunctions that the man was not to put his foot down. It happened that the nurse was called away to another patient for a few minutes, but before leaving she reminded the patient of the doctor's orders about remaining still. On her return, to her astonishment the man was nowhere to be seen. After some searching she discovered him by traces of blood on the floor, quietly seated in the yard smoking his pipe. To her admonition about disobeying orders, and concern for the injury he was likely to do himself, he paid no heed, and continued smoking in happy indifference. Better success attended her endeavour to bring him to a repentant frame of mind when she told him of how he had disfigured the floor with blood. Then he rose and quietly returned to his bed, saying, "Indeed, Ma'am, I could not help going to have a pipe, for sure, that was the nastiest stuff I ever got drunk on,"—alluding to the taste of the chloroform.

Besides being a social comfort to the soldier on the march and in camp, the wholesomeness of the weed has long been recognised in the Army. Lord Wolseley on the occasion of his rapid dash to Coomassie gave proof of his belief in its prophylactic properties when on landing at Cape Coast Castle he caused pipes and tobacco to be dealt out to the men. George Gilham, of the Rifle Brigade, writing from the ranks tells of his experiences on the march, and says: "The climate about Cape Coast Castle is bad, and the stench we came upon almost

knocked us over. But the General had pipes and tobacco served out to us with orders to smoke for protection. I was then no smoker, but I soon managed to learn the art." And Corporal J. C. Ives, of the Buffs, bears pathetic testimony to the soldiers' love of a pipe of tobacco during some hard service fighting the Zulus. After describing a fierce encounter with the enemy he concludes with this lament:

The worst of all was we had no tobacco, the last having been already issued. We did not know we had so little in our possession when we sold some to the Kaffirs in charge of the track oxen. When we found all was gone we would have given double the value of it, but it was too late, and we were induced to try experiments with dry tea-leaves, grass, and coffee grounds. Some of the men found a herb which they smoked, but this had the effect of making their heads swell to such an extent that they had to be attended by the doctor.

With innumerable experiences such as these before them it is difficult to understand the action of the Home authorities in dealing with contraband tobacco seized by Custom-house officers. A few years ago a ton of tobacco and cigars was seized at Portsmouth, the whole of which was buried in order to get rid of it. A protest was made, and the reasonableness of distributing, instead of wasting, such seizures of tobacco among the men of the Army and Navy could not be gainsaid; and it was satisfactory to learn that the Revenue Department had been moved to issue directions to the proper officers to, in future, supply troop-ships with seized tobacco at the rate of one ounce per diem for each man. But this humane practice was soon discontinued; indeed, the arrangements for the disposal of seized tobacco present some curious features, and have varied considerably from time to time. The course pursued with such seizures,

including that unreleased by consignees from the Bonded warehouses at the London Docks had been the very primitive one of burning it in an instrument known and recognised as the Queen's tobacco-pipe. Possibly some outdoor officer of Customs hit upon the device in order to shield himself from blame for thus wasting good stuff. It was a huge instrument of enormous ventrical capacity and would turn hundreds of tons into smoke in a few hours. Then an after-thought of economy crept in, and suggested that the ashes might make good manure. They were accordingly sold to agriculturists for what they would fetch; a ton of the ashes it was found served as tillage for four acres of ground. But this monster pipe is now put out; it was arranged that future seizures of contraband tobacco, and also such as remained in Bond unclaimed on account of its having sustained damage in transit from the place of exportation, should be thrown upon the market for sale, a course which did not commend itself to the trade, nor to the palate of dainty smokers. In face of the difficulty another arrangement was made for its disposal; the criminal lunatics confined in certain Government asylums were thought of, and gratuitously provided with tobacco from this source. Large quantities were also supplied to certain public botanical gardens where tobacco is required for the destruction of insect life, and which would otherwise have to be purchased at the public expense. If after meeting these demands a sufficient quantity of tobacco was available, then troops ordered on foreign service were furnished with a supply for use on the voyage. Strange to say, even this small chance of obtaining a little comfort for the men who are to fight our battles in foreign lands under hardships which

tax the strongest powers of endurance has ceased. Troop-ships at the best of times are none too comfortable, and anything that can be done towards making those on board contented would be an appreciable gain to the Service. Both policy and humanity indicate a little generous treatment of the men upon whose prowess the existence of the Empire so largely depends. It is hard to believe that criminal lunatics can have a better claim to the indulgence than our soldiers.

Referring to the antiseptic properties of tobacco Dr. Murray says that he is fully convinced from close observation, that, though it does not produce ozone, it is an excellent disinfectant; and he mentions instances of ladies who, while attending upon their relatives laid up with a fearful epidemic malady, recognised, as if by intuition, the advantage of smoking. On one occasion a lady came into the sick room, where he was seeing a confluent case of epidemic small-pox, puffing a cigar, and upon his remarking it she pointed to the patient with a triumphant air more eloquent than words. Whereupon Dr. Murray with a touch of old-fashioned chivalry says, "I immediately bent to her as a Master."

Drs. Klein, Tassinari, Werke and other distinguished bacteriologists have carried their investigations into this interesting field of research with marked success.

Dr. Klein, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, says, that "direct experiment proves that tobacco-smoke has a decided germicidal effect; it is not known, however, which is the active principle in the tobacco-smoke." He also remarks that the popular idea which has sprung up of tobacco's prophylactic powers, "is well supported by laboratory experiment." Dr. Tassinari, adopting the microscopical methods of Pasteur, illustrates his

investigations into the subject and the results obtained by a series of charts. These results may be briefly summarised. He found that the smoke of tobacco in some cases entirely destroyed, in others retarded the development of, micro-organisms. For example, the bacilli of Asiatic cholera and pneumonia were in every instance destroyed by the smoke of tobacco irrespective of the kind or quality of tobacco used. Anthrax bacilli and the bacilli of typhoid offered greater resistance, the latter indeed were but little affected by the smoke. He makes an odd remark about the surprising growths of germs found by the microscope adhering to the coating of the teeth, and says that as tobacco-smoke destroys them, it is a preventive of decay; should it darken the enamel, the ashes of the weed used as a dentifrice will make them whiter than before.

Similar investigations have been made in Spain and Germany. Werke saturated a cigar with a liquid fully impregnated with cholera bacilli and found that in twenty-four hours every germ was destroyed. He next placed bacilli upon dry tobacco leaves; in

this case they were rendered harmless in half an hour. In other trials a contact with the leaf of three hours was required for their destruction. Strange to say, damp tobacco was the least effective; the germs struggled hard for existence, and held out for three days before yielding up their lives to the superior genius of the weed. A fifty per cent. solution of tobacco over-mastered them in twenty-four hours. But it is by burning tobacco, when its elements are liberated from their confinement, that the battle is most decisively won. Werke says that when he tested them with the smoke of tobacco every germ was rendered incapable of propagating disease in less than five minutes.

Though the medical man whom duty calls to densely-crowded unwholesome districts fortifies himself against attack from the invisible foe with a Manilla or Cuban leaf, he protests emphatically against the smoking habit which has recently cropped up among boys. The boy-smoker, besides being a nuisance, is rendering himself physically and mentally unfit for the duties of life.

E. VINCENT HEWARD.

MUNICIPAL OLIGARCHIES.

A GOOD deal of the most interesting, because the most practical, literature which proceeds from provincial print-presses is all but completely neglected by those whom it concerns. The commonalty of the land buys or borrows novels as methodically as it pockets its weekly wages: it looks at its halfpenny paper, with strained eyes for the racing columns; but it turns with contempt from the somewhat portly volumes in which its particular town makes a valiant attempt to show how flourishing it is and how desirable as a place of residence for the stranger, with money in his purse, eager to pay rates and taxes. It is a pity. These provincial Red Books and Blue Books and Yellow Books may be repellent enough in the abstract; yet the artisan, with even no worse than an average intellect, might find in them as good romance of its kind as in any of the sixpenny masterpieces of famous authors. He takes his wife to task fast enough if she runs up bills over and above the weekly pound or two on which she is expected to maintain the house; but he is very unwilling to trouble himself about the statement of accounts of the borough of which he is at times proud to remember that he is a burgess.

This sense of irresponsibility is one of the mental and moral maladies of the age. Few ailments have got so firm a hold upon the majority of us; and hardly any seems to point so credibly towards increased personal degeneration and national misfortune. With Consols still on the borderland of the eighties, one may dwell somewhat upon

this evil and especially its fiscal side,—the side that appeals most vitally to us. An orator of the market-place may be eloquent for an hour about the enormous sums which municipalities have locked up unrealisably in landed estates, waterworks, sewage farms, and the many other luxurious upholsteries of modern civic life, but he does not touch his auditors very deeply. But let these once understand that they owe the depreciation of their savings in Consols to the extravagance, indeed the stark recklessness, of the aldermen and councillors throughout the land, and they begin to prick up their ears. This, however, is only a small step. The mischief has been done. Most ratepaying citizens have long indulged at intervals in brief orgies of abuse of their municipal rulers; it is one of the few local indulgences for which they are not called upon to pay something, either directly or indirectly. They cannot afford to go farther into the matter than that. Time is money and the dissipation of energy in an unprofitable quarter means loss of money;—so it seems to them. Hence comes the gradual weightening of the chains with which a town's rulers holds its ratepayers in bondage. The traditions of one body of administrators are passed on to their successors, and though certain of these others have donned their gowns of office with an honest determination to inaugurate a new order of things (retrenchment, if not reform), they soon find themselves swept along in the flood of liabilities from which it seems that neither they nor their constituents can extricate themselves.

An enterprise begun must be completed, and one enterprise dovetails into another. The intoxication of a newly acquired dignity, including public intimacy with one's superiors in wealth, education, experience, and social importance, is accountable for much sacrifice of innocence as well as of principles. How shall a virtuous and, in the main, simple greengrocer presume more than once or twice to tilt his primitive aspirations and nursery logic against a score of men who have grown overbearing, if not grey, in the practice of Council Chamber dialectics? And even at the worst, when the aldermen and councillors stand condemned as publicists by their own private cheque-books, it is so easy for them to repudiate responsibility for the prominent calamity which has perhaps brought the town face to face with a crisis. The public, whom they represent, read the papers which contain reports of their debates and may be supposed able to form opinions of their own. It was their duty to agitate and arrest the development of that particular calamity, if it seemed to them an obvious one. The Home Office authorities also have a finger, if not a whole hand, in all the large pies of a municipality. If these paid experts could not foresee disaster after the elaborate investigations and cross-questionings which are customary before expenditure is sanctioned, how can blame lie upon the town's magnates, who are confessedly merely a body of worthy citizens pledged to do nothing more than their best for the men and women who ask them to undertake the thankless task of managing the town?

Our Tudor sovereigns did much to enhance our respectability as a nation in the eyes of the world, but they played sad havoc with our independence and mental parts as individuals,

the bitter fruits whereof are still in process of maturing for our enlightenment. This may seem a preposterous saying; yet look into the civic history of our very old towns, and I think it will be found to be justified. In Plantagenet times many of our boroughs were splendid little microcosms in which the duties of local governors and the governed were heartily understood and appreciated. A mayor was then something more than a figure-head put upon a throne by an amiable conspiracy of his comrades in control, required to do little more than preside over his brother conspirators on public occasions and dispense and receive hospitality in the town's name, often at the town's expense. The town sergeant was wont to sound his horn in the streets and open spaces to summon "every man of twelve years or more" to the parish church or other recognised place with a "Haste, haste!" for the solemn election of the town's chief officer. It was a matter of the highest importance for the whole community, and to shirk responsibility was a craven and open surrender of privilege. It was the same with the man chosen to be mayor. In the best days of those early municipalities, especially in the royal boroughs, his worship had to be a truly worshipful gentleman to fitly meet his liabilities. He undertook not only to govern well, but to submit to punishment like an idle or ill-dispositioned schoolboy if he governed amiss. At Hereford it was laid down that "we must obey our chief bailiff as one presenting the person of the King"; but the burgesses who made the decree also required from the chief bailiff an undertaking that if he refused to answer complaints he should be proceeded against as for perjury, and if

his (the city's) accounts were not faithfully rendered, all his goods should be seized. This was putting a mayor on his mettle with a vengeance. His worship furthermore wore his scarlet and sable in salutary and invigorating fear of the king's own chastisement, if the town's royal dues were not paid. Lincoln in the thirteenth century was hit rather hard on this count, and in these days one may be reasonably astonished to learn that the more considerable men of that city deplored their importance because of its costliness: "They who have once been bailiffs of Lincoln can scarcely rise from poverty and misery." But Lincoln's case was exceptional. As a rule, unless the town became decadent like the Cinque Ports, it thrived under such a regimen of positive responsibility in its chief officer. The mayor negotiated for extended privileges on the town's behalf with the king himself, or the town's lesser overlord, and he and the youngest apprentice alike held their heads the higher for each new and amplified charter that was obtained. "The opulent class who bore the chief burden of responsibility shared the compensating pleasures of power"; that also was as it should be. Nor were these pleasures confined to the doffing of caps in the mayor's own streets and market-places. The inevitable enlargement of his mind in the exercise of his office was one of them. He had to make compacts with his overlord, and treaties of commerce with neighbouring towns, to study and develop the conditions of local trade by road, river, or sea, to drain marshes, fulfil the laws sent down from Westminster, exercise magisterial functions as now, victual the king's army when called upon, attend to the coastguard, provide a ship or two, or the equivalent, when there was war with France, and look

scrupulously to the tolls of stalls and licences in his own market-place. He could not afford to be a fool. Under bonds as he was both to his overlord and his fellow-citizens, he was between the devil and the deep sea if he mismanaged the town's interests. The butchers and bakers and chandlers and their apprentices might in their disgust and righteous wrath pelt him with mud and unsound eggs; though to be sure he was well protected by special laws against such truly scandalous outrages; at Hereford and Rye, for instance, the penalty for striking him was the loss of a hand. But assuming that his faculties answered satisfactorily to the spur of his high position, and his town had no inherent symptoms of decay, he was a most enviable gentleman. He could feast right merrily in his leisure and go a-hawking on the town's lands like any lord and his lady. Henry the First's charter to the Common Council of London, giving them "their chaces to hunt as well and fully as their ancestors had, that is to say, in Chiltre and Middlesex and in Surrey," suggests privileges which were also those of the provincial mayor and his colleagues. He had quite enough to do in the fulfilment of his legitimate duties. Probably a guildsman himself, he might have been amazed and angered exceedingly by the thought that any of his successors could contemplate a course of civic trading which should stifle the independence of the burgesses, make them mere hirelings of the town-council, and infallibly transform that sufficiently honest and respectable body of notables into a hateful and corrupted coterie of despots.

It must be granted of course that abuses had crept into many a town-council before Henry the Eighth came to the throne and proclaimed his omnipotence, alike at Westminster

and in the smallest of England's provincial guildhalls. Mayors and their colleagues, being as human as the same gentlemen in the twentieth century, had yielded to temptation and become transformed into close and determined oligarchies. Increase of population in a borough tended to increase the power of the dominant body and lessen the cohesion of the governed. With the removal of the monasteries and their educative influences, another check on the scarlet-gowned gentry in office passed away. The minds of the tax-paying community lay fallow, or begat only inoffensive weeds of discontent in the diminishing amount of useful leisure that remained to them. They kept their bodies in fine condition with wrestlings and archery and quarter-staves, but it was beyond them to criticise intelligently the doings of their masters. They were the *inferiores*, and the scarlet-gowned score or so in the guildhall were the *potentiores*; and only by a devotion to trade which left them little vigour or inclination to revolt could they hope in time to be admitted to that august company of publicans and sinners. For then, as now, the licensed victuallers got a firm clutch on the sweets of office; and then, as it may be in the future, the opportunity of bleeding the commonalty in the interests of a nefarious few was found to be irresistible. Even in the fourteenth century symptoms of a dangerous monopoly of the headship in the boroughs had appeared; Nicolas Langton was in 1342 elected Mayor of York for the seventeenth time.

But in the sixteenth century the King, as the great monopolist, put an end to the old free civic institutions. He pocketed England's towns and cities and established the precedent of using them and their parliamentary representatives for his own tyrannical

purposes. The precedent had a long innings. The liberties of the boroughs were not restored until the Reform Bill of 1832. It was quite reasonable that Dr. Brady should in 1690 write a big book to make it clear to everyone that the right of election of members of parliament was vested in the mayor and aldermen and only the chief burgesses of corporations, not in the citizens at large. The commonalty had so long been poor pawns for great folks to play with that they aspired to do no more than live with as little discomfort as might be. They had few innate rights and privileges to realise outside their own houses. Small wonder that where, in spite of the sophistries of time-serving Dr. Bradys, they had the power of helping to send a representative to parliament, they combined only to make the price as high a one as the candidates could be induced to pay. In all other matters as touching their own interests, whether as subjects or citizens, they were a disconnected and ignorant crowd. Parliament had no option but to tax them to the uttermost, and locally, if they had a mayor and corporation, they accepted the mystery without an effort to understand it. Their civic rulers finessed with circumstances placidly enough. The word *progress* was a battle-cry rather for individual encouragement in those days. National taxation was severe, but civic rates were kept low.

Our local Red Books and Blue Books and Yellow Books tell a different tale. They show our modern mayors and town-councillors as very resolute applicants of this same blessed word *progress* to all the fields of municipal enterprise in which they have the right to labour. Their predecessors of long ago lived gently for the moment; it seemed to them that each generation should bear its own burdens. It is otherwise with the present race of

municipal governors; they cannot look too far ahead. Bills of costs do not terrify them so long as they can rely on the eloquence or sophistries of their town-clerks to persuade the Home Office experts that their enterprises are sufficiently plausible. If the town be small, it is argued that it will promptly grow in the strength of these designed improvements. If the town's death-rate be rather above the average, there is no opposing the plea that this is due to sanitary arrangements which demand to be superseded. Having made up their corporate mind to an expenditure, nothing is allowed to stop the way, not the groans of anonymous scribes in the local paper, nor leading articles, nor the still small scruples which continue to whisper in their own consciences. Costly measures sanctioned when trade is exceptionally good begin to be paid for when trade is exceptionally bad, thereby making trade still worse. From one standpoint it is the picturesque irresponsibility of the spend-thrift; but from another point of view it is not so picturesque. The children of the poor eat bread without butter and go breakfastless to school that the town may rejoice in the prettiest kind of municipal tramway system, in elegant municipal market-halls, public parks, slaughter-houses which the butchers cannot be persuaded to use, dazzling electric lamps, cold store establishments, and a succession of experiments in pavements and road material which delight the contractors and disturb everyone else.

The burgesses lament faintly and submit. They seem as irresponsible as their well-meaning but incompetent and impetuous rulers. It is the business of all of them to have a voice in the disposal of the tens of thousands of pounds which are annually taken from their tills and pockets; but some are too fiercely endeavouring to

keep out of the bankruptcy court to have any time to devote to public agitation; others drown care in the public-houses, or at the music-halls and football-matches which are as conventional features of the modern town as an alarming improvement rate; others are too lazy, too timid or too exasperated to protest sanely against the accumulation of extravagances. The town has had little difficulty in borrowing half a million or a million of money for its past adventures in municipal progress. It hopes to continue the pastime, and go on garnishing itself with palatial frills and fripperies. The burgesses are encouragingly patient upon the whole. Either on demand or after a summons, they pay their local exactions of about fifty shillings a head for every man, woman and child in the borough, and content the town-council and the Guardians of the Poor. Or they fail without any particular fuss and disappear, and other sanguine citizens come obligingly into the town and take their place, attracted, as the town's rulers had foreseen, by just these manifold tokens of a truly progressive borough which made the last straw of the burden that broke the backs of the men whose place they fill.

This is no fairy tale, nor even a somewhat fanciful sketch of the ambitions and consequent emotions of the modern borough. It is a conventionally true portraiture. One is driven to think that the mayor, alderman, and councillors of the modern borough could hardly be a worse infliction if they were an association of bandits who had taken possession of the council chamber by force and decided to oppress the citizens to the very limits of their endurance. They are nothing like that, of course, but their achievements belie them. A certain amount of

compassion is due to them indeed, or would be if they kept the pains and penalties of their greatness to themselves. Many of them wear themselves out prematurely in a vain yearning to do justice equally to their own private concerns and the town's. These are the weaklings, the handy material for the more irresponsible few to work upon in the furtherance of those schemes of municipalised trading which are so inevitably attractive. Our modern boroughs are like a desperate gambler at Monte Carlo. They have gone so far that they cannot without an abject avowal of failure either stop or recede. They are committed to a system. The money squandered and largely lost upon one enterprise must be recovered somehow; and hence comes the greedy and astonishing desire to take the very bread from the mouths of ratepayers by competing with them upon an unfair advantage in their own poor little industries. It is so easy to make up a flattering tale in justification of such interference. The mayor and his council feel a paternal anxiety about the quality of the bread and milk and vegetables with which the town's citizens are supplied. They are not at all satisfied that these comestibles are the best obtainable and—so forth. Having got this thin (or not very thin) edge of the wedge well under the body corporate of the town, what more simple than to proceed to a course of monopolies which shall in time reduce two-thirds of the town's tradesmen to the position of salaried managers, or paid dependents, of the town-council? "Every extension of public action limits the sphere of private action": this dictum of Herbert Spencer's will have no influence upon a town-council fully committed to its career of philanthropic piracy; for it will be argued that it would be

better for the degraded tradesmen to have a fixed salary as managers (and far more satisfactory to their wives) than to continue to grapple with the changes and chances of good trade and bad and their attendant phantoms of extravagant living and the bankruptcy Court. One may reasonably go a little farther still with this forecast. When a town-council attempts to manage a town as if it were just so many departments of a huge store like Whiteley's, it will have to offer a course of pleasing sops to the common folk to persuade them that they are by no means so uncomfortably in bonds of servitude to their rulers. The hospitals, theatres, music-halls and leading football-clubs will be taken up by the municipality as well as the butchers' and bakers' shops. Free admission to football-matches will go a long way to soothe the feelings of the multitude, even if the sublime oligarchy in command find themselves forced by circumstances (the Bank rate, for example) to go back on their earlier declarations of benevolence and unduly raise the price of chops and loaves. As for the integrity of the individual members of a town-council in this swollen state of importance, one must be a little more or less than human to expect it to be spotless. Opportunity makes the thief, alike with unhinged managing directors of tottering companies, Spitalfields pick-pockets, and imperial autocrats. It were vain for a somewhat needy town-councillor at the head of a committee which handled millions a year to pray daily "Lead us not into temptation," when the temptation of innumerable feats of remunerative jobbery battered at his virtue every working day of his life.

But enough. Things are not likely to be allowed to come to so monstrous a climax. It would be

the Middle Ages over again in certain of its (to us) most amusing aspects. Up to a point, local self-government is as necessary as it is wise and honourably developing. Westminster has been generous to the provinces, but it must not be as extravagant and foolish as the boroughs show every tendency of becoming. Having been generous almost to the degree of folly, it must now consider how best to restrain the hands of the irresponsible gentlemen who find themselves in control of such astonishingly irresponsible citizens as these of the twentieth century. Seeing that they are unable to take care of themselves, the latter must be taken care of lest they be insidiously choked with good things which they cannot digest.

One may learn wisdom, of a sort, even from babes. In this matter it is suggestive to remember how things are managed even in so petty, yet prosperous, a State as the little Republic of San Marino. For hundreds of years it has been the custom there to elect a learned and immaculate stranger to the second rank in the State. He comes after the Regents, who are the worshipful figure-heads in San Marino. To him are committed the control of the law-courts and sundry other offices of the most eminently practical kind. His alien origin and limited term of office combine with his previous character as guarantees of his impartiality and wisdom. He is required to be wholly free from prejudices; so much so indeed that when a San Marino young lady desires to enter a nunnery, it is his duty to go to her, and, as

advocatus diaboli, address her seriously and explain to her in the most persuasive language possible what a formidable step she is about to take in thus surrendering the charms of the world and the possible pleasures of motherhood. Where her father and mother may have failed the State Commissioner may succeed.

Our municipalities have had great powers given to them which many of them have abused. It is a matter of national importance that these should either be revised, or the citizens whom they govern stimulated to take an active and intimate interest in their own affairs. This might be done by the establishment in every considerable borough of a Crown Officer somewhat similar to the Commissioner of San Marino or the Podestà of the old Italian republics. The town-clerk might not like it, but that would be a grievance for the town-clerk alone. The commonalty would benefit inasmuch as it would be this new official's business to work solely in their interest, and he would be answerable for delinquencies or errors to the Home Office only. With his discreet hand in check upon the impertinent interference of municipalities with the money market, our national credit would have a chance of re-establishing itself. Consols would continue to rise, and the Red Books and Blue Books and Yellow Books of the municipalities would no longer be as beguiling in their statements of accounts as the balance sheets of a company like the late lamented London and Globe Finance Corporation.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

AYAME.

I.

O HARA SAN was in the garden picking irises. It was not an easy task, for the purple flags rose gracefully from several inches of water, and great care was necessary to avoid unsightly splashes. Not desirous of being splashed O Hara San had carefully tucked up her gay dress, and the shortened skirt revealed the prettiest feet imaginable, thrust into the inevitable wooden clogs.

A shaft of sunlight came striking through the bamboo hedge, and touched with glory the little maid's dark hair. The delicate tints of her dress blended into the brilliant carpet of the iris bed, and the faint bloom of her cheek would have rivalled the rosy petals of the cherry-blossom, but the season of cherry-blossom was over. As she stood, airily perched on a moss-grown stone, her slender form bending to meet the upturned flowers, she might have stepped straight off a Japanese fan, only indeed no painted figure was ever half so charming.

Above the garden walls towered the giant cryptomeria trees, and beyond again were the mountains, all blue and mysterious, half veiled in morning mist.

O Hara San sang as she worked, and the little grey lizards crept out into the sun to listen. It was a mournful song, a story of love and revenge, but she had no knowledge of either, as yet, and sang merrily.

Suddenly, from a temple near, the great bell struck the hour, firm, solemn strokes, fraught with Time's warning signal, and little O'Hara San stayed

her hand to count: "*Yo-ji, Go-ji*," in the quaint Japanese tongue, "*Roku-ji, Shichi-ji*."¹ But as the last note fined off into silence, she turned in alarm, for a footstep sounded on the path beside her, an unusual occurrence in this secluded spot. It was not the soft shuffling of bare feet, nor the click-clack of clogs, but the unmistakable tread of civilised leather. O Hara San's foolish little heart beat with a vague fear. There was nothing to be afraid of in the newcomer's appearance, however; he was young and an Englishman, and he regarded her with kindly interest.

She dropped her eyes, and bowed low, again and again; a difficult feat when one is balanced on a stone in the midst of a water-field, but the stranger's gravity was unruffled as he returned the salutation. "*O'Hayo*,"² he ventured cheerfully. "*O'Hayo*," she made answer, and her gentle tones sounded like the cooing of a wood-pigeon in contrast. After this conversation languished. Shyness on O Hara San's part, ignorance of the language on the young man's, held them silent. Then she, with her sheaf of iris blooms clasped to her breast, prepared for flight, and the Englishman, fearing to lose this pretty butterfly creature, surreptitiously consulted his guide-book, and rattled off a sentence with great aplomb. Eastern nations are renowned for the perfection of their manners, but the Japanese are gifted with a sense of humour, and O Hara San was no exception.

¹ Four, five, six, seven.

² Good-morning.

Though she turned her charming head, with all its fairy-like pins and posy of azaleas discreetly aside, it was evident from her crimsoning cheek that she was struggling with suppressed laughter.

Fearing some indiscretion, the stranger hastily turned to the oracle again, and then remained in the silence of consternation. For it is disconcerting, when one imagines one has put forward a complimentary little speech to a bewitching lady, to find one has merely proffered a request for three boiled eggs. The discovery overcame his gravity; he also broke into an amused laugh, while she, covering her face with little sunburnt hands, rocked to and fro, in uncontrolled merriment.

"The devil!" he exclaimed at last.

There was mischief in O Hara San's black eyes, as peeping through her fingers, she replied demurely, "I, too, a little can speak English."

"By Jove!" The offending guide was thrust into oblivion, and relief appeared visible on the young man's face. "That's awfully clever of you; do you think you'd mind coming out of that glorified pond, and talking to me for a short time? Its rather lonely up among these solitudes." O Hara San, disdaining the offer of his hand, gathered together her flowery burden, and stepping daintily across the stones, stood in lowly obeisance before him.

"Don't, please!" he ejaculated hurriedly. "Surely we've bowed enough for to-day. Couldn't we find a seat somewhere, and be comfortable?" Comprehending the meaning, if not the words, she sank gracefully to the ground, and producing a fan from her sash, sat languidly waving it, more than ever a painted figure off a Japanese fan. No other mode of resting being apparent, the Englishman was obliged to follow her

example, so he also seated himself upon the grass, and contrived to appear unconscious of the ridiculous position.

Above them stretched the sky, softly blue and cloudless; all around were the quaint shrubs and flowering plants of a Japanese garden; and below, far down the gully, sounded the restless murmur of the rushing torrent. Monster stone dragons, spouting water from their distorted mouths, were grouped about the lake; flaming blossoms hung from many a gnarled bough, and on a miniature rustic bridge a tame stork stood dozing. It was all very Oriental, very unreal, and in imagination transported one back to the childish days of *Arabians Nights* and enchanted princesses; the stranger gazed about with regretful pleasure.

"Perhaps if you tell me your name, we might get along better," he suggested at length, as O Hara San, absently fanning herself, appeared lost in thought. "O Hara San? San means *Honourable Miss*, doesn't it? Whose is this garden, O Hara San, and what are you doing here?"

Had her command of English been greater the retort would have been obvious, but as it was, she returned with Eastern obedience, "It is Matsumoto's, my father's, garden, there our home." She pointed to where in the distance a modest dwelling rose above the trees, but the Englishman, already acquainted with the inconveniences attending matting floors and sliding panels, showed no desire to investigate further.

"How did you come?" she enquired in turn, carrying the war into the enemy's country. "So many people do not; it is very apart."

"I came because I heard a fairy singing," he answered whimsically, "because my room at the hotel is hot, and the morning beckoned me

out, because I am hopelessly and unutterably bored. But you don't know the meaning of boredom, O Hara San, you are fortunate. I'm bored by others, bored by myself,—but not by you," he added with a half-sigh, and idly quoted:—

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,

A jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou

Beside me singing in the Wilderness—

The word *bread* arrested her attention. "You are hungry?" she asked anxiously. Perhaps after all he really desired those boiled eggs; how unkind she had been! Visions of sugar cakes and *saké*,¹ rose before her hospitable mind's eye, as she eagerly awaited his answer.

The young man laughed, but coloured too. "No," he replied; "what I crave for, is not food, not even food for thought—I've plenty of that in all conscience." He turned towards her suddenly. "Do you know that conventionally speaking I've no right to be here, that I'm a mere trespasser, and should be dismissed with a caution? But this is not the land of convention, thank heaven! and I may talk to you simply because it pleases me, and not because politeness demands it, while you—you've never heard of Mrs. Grundy, and you don't understand these knotty points, little O Hara San, but you smile very sweetly, and listen, and that's a great deal in this selfish world. Do you ever know," he went on dreamily, speaking half to himself, "what it is to want money, to be hunted from pillar to post by bills, to have creditors clamouring, and mess accounts overdue, to be up to your ears in debt?" He broke off with a short laugh. "Of course you

don't; you live on romance out here, not on hard cash, while I—I live on tenter-hooks," he finished ruefully.

O Hara San, arranging her bouquet, touching each separate flower with caressing fingers, could not follow this monologue; but she gathered that the Englishman was disturbed in mind, and she looked at him with pitying eyes. It is of no use to trouble one's self over the trials of this world; make the best of what you have, or you may get worse hereafter. Such was O Hara San's creed, and the creed of her country; but because sympathy must have some expression if words are denied, she snapped off a purple blossom and shyly proffered it. He took the little offering with a smile, grateful for the prompting thought, and since it was too large for a button-hole, laid it carefully between the leaves of the guide-book.

"Ayame," said O Hara San softly, with a pretty blush.

"Meaning iris," he translated musically, "Goddess of the Rainbow and Spirit of Discord; an unlucky gift O Hara San, let us hope it is not an ill-omen—"

"My sakes! Whatever are you doing there anyway?"

The shrill tones sounded startlingly from above their heads, and the young man with a frown, rose hastily to his feet muttering sulkily, "The ill-omen fulfilled!"

But O Hara San, unpricked by conscience, sat with serenely folded hands, gazing up at the bamboo hedge from whence the voice proceeded.

"I knew you were fond of prospecting, but I didn't guess you'd get as far as this," it continued, the drawl and accent unmistakable. "Isn't there a proverb in your country, about one man stealing a heart—horse I mean—while another mayn't

¹ The wine of the country.

look over the hedge? This bamboo isn't exactly easy to see through, so if you'll be so vurry kind—thanks."

With the aid of his hand the newcomer swung herself lightly to the ground, and stood facing them with undisguised displeasure.

O Hara San had risen with courteous greeting, but the intruder, vouchsafing her a scarcely perceptible nod, turned her back, and addressed the young man. "Wilfrid Carlton, I guess I'm pretty amenable and put up with a good deal, but if you're going to flirt with every heathen foreigner you come across, why—" The shrug which followed was expressive.

"Nonsense," he exclaimed almost rudely. "I came entirely by chance, and I have not been here ten minutes."

She laughed provokingly. "Oh, time flies, we know, on occasions—especially when you're improving that occasion. Well, is there any way out of this garden of Eden, for it's most eight, and we're starting early for the temple. Are you coming to the hotel for breakfast, or going to rattle chopsticks here?"

He stood regarding her moodily, disapproval, dislike almost, written on his face; then he turned to O Hara San. "Good-bye," he said with uncovered head; and "*Sayonara*,"¹ she returned simply, adding in her pretty, halting English the usual formula, "An' please come again."

The American's noisy laughter was as unintelligible to her as the conversation preceding it, but nevertheless her eyes were troubled as she watched the departing couple, and all unconsciously she sighed.

The Englishman looked back, when they reached the wicket-gate, and took a farewell glance of O Hara

San. She was standing very still, where they had left her, a wistful solitary little figure, outlined against the gold and purple of the iris bed. So, in his thoughts, he often saw her afterwards.

"You did look queer sitting there, for all the world like two China Mandarins. What in the name of wonder do you find to say to these oddities?" The fair American, brisk and trim, keeping pace with his irritated stride, glanced at him coolly. "Englishmen have an odd way of making love, I must say, but it won't go down with us. I'm not exacting, but I see things pretty plainly, and I draw the line somewhere—"

"Draw the line by all means, but don't draw the longbow," he returned carelessly, tilting his straw hat forward, to avoid meeting her gaze; "You see what doesn't exist occasionally, and let your imagination run away with you,"

"And that's curious," she retorted smartly, "considering you always accuse me of having none; but seriously, Wilfrid, I don't cotton to this sort of behaviour at all."

Leading-strings should be invisible if they are to guide successfully; the impatient movement beside her was a warning signal, and Miss Van Decken, deciding she had gone far enough, relented. "Well, I won't say any more," she continued good-humouredly. "If we quarrel now, why there'll be nothing left for us to do after," and she held out her hand with a gesture of truce.

Carlton felt obliged to take it, and having taken it, obliged to keep it; so peace was declared, and they sauntered along, to all appearances happy and devoted.

"The 'rickshaws are ordered for nine, and then we start for the temple of Ist—Ish—there! I've forgotten its outlandish name again. I gave

¹ Good-bye.

you my guide-book to carry yesterday; have you it with you?"

"Your guide to you a kingdom is," misquoted Carlton lightly, "all important as a parson's bible or a mariner's compass. I can't understand the fascination myself; it's not even useful as a dictionary." Recollecting the incident of an hour ago he paused, but his companion still knitting her brows over the missing word, was not attending.

"Ish—Is—bother! Do look Wilfrid," so, supremely unconscious and anxious to propitiate, Carlton turned to the desired page, and there, true emblem of discord, lay the iris.

Miss Van Decken flushed with pardonable annoyance. "Very touching!" she remarked mockingly. "Have you any more love-tokens? What a pity it wasn't a forget-me-not, and then you might have remembered. My word, you lose no time!" and she tossed her head angrily. Carlton irritably flung the flower from him. That morning's work had cost him dear, yet his conscience smote him. What if O Hara San came this way, and saw her little offering cast aside? How distressed she would be! In imagination he could see the grieved eyes, the trembling mouth, the patient wonder at "these English." Had he followed his inclination, he would have retraced his steps and rescued the fallen flag, but, soldier though he was, he shrank from the fire of the American's sarcasm, and so, like many another generous impulse, it was wasted.

Despising himself for this mock love-making, thinly disguised though it were, cursing the fate that made the quest of the almighty dollar a necessity, out of temper with the world in general, he strode silently along; yet in spite of all, he found time to marvel afresh at the dense

shadow of the cryptomerias, the tender bloom upon the distant hills, for though one may be ill at ease, the artist's heart asserts itself, and Nature is ever ready with her sympathy to those who value it.

Plumes of feathery bamboo swayed airily in the breeze, and sunlight filtered through the leafy shelter, throwing dancing patterns all across the road. Now and again a troop of cheerful labourers passed on their way to the rice-fields, or a 'rickshaw, carrying a delicately painted little lady, rattled by, adding local colour to the faintly tinted scene. As they neared the village the native life became more apparent. Children cried merry "*O'Hayo's*" after them, and many a pretty face peeped from between the sliding panels of the houses. Vendors of curios sat serenely on their matting floors awaiting possible purchasers; women were washing at the wayside stream, or pattering on noisy clogs about the streets; the world was all astir, and the charm of early morning, like the charm of a waking dream, was fading fast.

Carlton and his companion climbed the long hill leading to the mountain hotel. Hostilities had ceased; for her at least the sun was shining, and the bright vivacious face was all smiles.

Far away behind them the purple iris lay withering in the dust.

II.

"Now wait both of you, while I study this right away. I won't set foot inside till I know just what I'm to see."

Mrs. Van Decken, bonny, buxom, and popularly known as "Mamma," adjusted her pince-nez, and deliberately opened her guide-book. They had toiled up the steep steps to the temple of Inari-yama, and now paused

on the summit to draw breath and admire the view.

Before them towered the great building, calm and stately, bearing upon its pillars and fantastic carvings the impress of tradition stamped with the memories of the past; behind stretched the avenue of cryptomerias, solemn with shadow like the nave of a cathedral, and all around were the blue hills, softly melting to the sky. Carlton's pony, and the 'rickshaws with their attendant coolies, remained beyond the sacred precincts of the gate, the bearers' quaint dresses and lithe, brown limbs, adding the finishing touch to the strange and foreign surroundings. Occasionally a cricket chirped shrilly in the grass, or a silver-winged insect flashed past with musical hum; otherwise the quietude was unbroken.

Miss Van Decken, resigning herself to circumstance, unfurled her umbrella, and prepared to listen at length. Carlton stood restlessly swinging his riding-whip, with gloomy dissatisfaction on his brow. These expeditions were among the penalties of his position as the fair American's future husband, and must be borne with the best grace possible; but patience was a virtue unknown to him, and he waited with ill-concealed vexation.

The poetry and romance of the temples appealed keenly to his imaginative nature; alone, he would have spent hours wandering around the charmed circle, musing on the mystery of the East, absorbing the spirit of the scene, regardless of printed information. This practical, cut and dried method of doing things grated on his nerves, and irritated him at times beyond endurance. "Once we're married, into the fire goes every dashed guide-book," he thought savagely, while his prospective mother-in-law, in blissful igno-

rance of his feelings, turned page after page in laborious search. Osaka, the Japanese courier, had seated himself on the grass, and was leisurely tossing pebbles and twigs down the long vista of steps. He was accustomed to the vagaries of Madam, and regarded these days as holidays, a trifle dull, but still pleasantly idle; the ladies were kind, and the officer gentleman, though apt to grow testy over the lacing of his boots, was not inconsiderate. Osaka, on the whole, enjoyed these outings, and looked upon the lengthy dissertations as part of the amusement.

"Yes, here we are."

Carlton sighed.

"Now, listen. 'The Temple of Inari-yama is situated to the west of Kumi-kuti, and is approached by a grove of cryptomerias [that's correct]. It measures two hundred and ten feet, by one hundred and ninety-five, and covers nearly one thousand three hundred *tsubu* of ground. It is dedicated to Kobo Kwannon, and is over six hundred years old.' Imagine, Mamie! Wilfrid, did you ever? I must memorise that sentence anyway. 'It is dedicated to Kobo Kwannon—'" "The boy is waiting to take your shoes," broke in Carlton when he could trust himself to speak, while inwardly his raging thoughts ran: "My good woman, I'd like to pitch you and your confounded Kobo Kwannon down the gully. Heavens! if man was ever punished for his folly, I am!"

Miss Van Decken, meanwhile, had been divesting herself of her foot-gear, and now stood laughing at the absurd appearance she presented in the loose woollen slippers immortalised by custom. For these spotless matting floors must not be polluted by touch of shoe-leather; the dust must be literally shaken off, ere one dare cross the threshold. This law is

fixed and immovable as were those of the Medes and Persians.

"Nice easy fit guaranteed," she cried with irrepressible levity, holding out one clumsily-shod foot for inspection. "I guess I wouldn't patronise the store these came from. Momma, do hurry. Wilfrid's pony will be eating all the sacred plants if we stay much longer. Read up Murray when you get back; this queer old man can tell you all you want, you bet." Carlton sitting on the bank, moodily wrestling with his riding-boots, groaned as he listened. But the priest, guarding the temple, sat in placid silence, scarcely lifting his serene eyes as the party entered, and even the irreverent Americans hesitated to break in upon his meditations.

Grave young novitiates, shaven-headed, velvet-footed, passed in mute devotion, and many a peasant girl, carefully removing her clogs, had come to lay her votive offering before Buddha. A spirit of rest and peace pervaded the atmosphere; only the civilised Westerners in dress and bearing seemed at variance with the scene.

"See, Mamie, the carving and jewels!" cried Mrs. Van Decken in a noisy whisper. "It must cost a sight of dollars to build a place like this! Admire the cunning figures on that tapestry hung there, *and* the gods! My, what fearful creatures! I wonder what Murray says?"

Instinctively her hand strayed to her pocket, but Carlton hurriedly intervened. "Look at the blue mist rising from the incense," and he pointed to where in the dim recesses of the building faint wreaths went curling upwards, to lose themselves in the shadow of the vaulted roof. "One might imagine some magician there," he continued with scornful amusement, "practising his dark arts, weaving spells to bewitch us all."

"More likely fire, I should say," decided Mrs. Van Decken sniffing apprehensively. "How this timber *would* blaze! And I daresay it's not even insured. We can get out easily, that's one thing. Isn't that lacquer-work *too* fetching?"

They moved about, wondering and exclaiming. Carlton, ashamed of the loud remarks and unblushing curiosity, strolled away, and, wrapped in contemplation before the shrine, for a time forgot his annoyance. All the magic of the East, that strange insidious charm, caught and held his fancy spellbound. Freed from the trammels of the commonplace, his thoughts took wing and soared to enchanted worlds; oblivious of his companions he gazed and dreamed, till at a touch the fairy fabric vanished.

"It's very solemn, and impressive, and all that, but just a trifle boring, don't you think?" Miss Van Decken, wondering at his absorption, had followed and now stood beside him.

The subdued light, the church-like atmosphere, their attitude, were all suggestive of the immediate future, and with a shock Carlton realised how utterly repugnant was the idea. Almost roughly he drew away. Fool that he was! Why could he not have braved the position and retained his self-respect? Very, very dearly was he selling his birthright, and like many another he bitterly regretted the false step—too late. And suddenly, through the veil of incense, there rose in remembrance another face, young and pretty, with gentle eyes and a trusting smile; he laughed derisively as the vision faded, for it was only the face of little O Hara San.

III.

"O Hara San! O Hara San!"
The garden of Matsumoto lay

bathed in moonlight, every flower and shrub enhaloed in mystery; black shadows stretched threateningly before each massive dragon, and the unruffled lake gleamed still as polished silver. Far in the distance sounded the faint tinkle of a *samison*,¹ glow-worms flashed like falling stars through the darkness, and all the veiled beauty of the Eastern night breathed magic and illusion. As if in answer to his whisper a little figure appeared from the shelter of the trees, and moved swiftly over the grass to Carlton's side. It was not the first, nor the second of such meetings; in the record of a past month they stood out like milestones on the road of Time, graven forever with tender words and caresses, pointing the way to the elusive land of Romance.

"Ah!" she laughed, a low delighted croon of happiness, and her hand went stealing into his like a folded flower. Such a little, soft hand it was; Carlton mentally contrasted it with another he was soon to call his own, large, well-developed from much handling of golf-clubs and hockey-sticks; and he clasped those slender fingers all the closer.

"So long time I wait, an' when the moon rise, I count all the minutes; but you are here, beloved, I count no more."

"Yes, I am here," he sighed.

It was not his fault if the moonlight, the witchery of O Hara San's presence proved too strong for his resolution. Stolen waters are sweet, and those stolen hours, brief and fleeting though they were, represented the sparkle of life in the otherwise dull draught of everyday existence. For Carlton possessed the dangerous theatrical temperament, and as a play depends for

effect upon its setting, so his nature responded to the influence of his surroundings. O Hara San in sober garb, among the bricks and mortar of London, would have been powerless to attract; but O Hara San in this old-world garden, touched with the glamour of the East, and with moonlight flooding her eyes and hair, was irresistible.

"So you have watched for me?" he said in his half-alluring, half-protesting voice. "Why do you care so much, I wonder? You are only a little mist maiden I believe, an Undine; you ought not to be troubled with feelings or soul at all."

For answer she laid her cheek against his hand, and smiled. Her knowledge of English had made rapid progress since that far-away morning by the iris bed, for love is a lesson easily learned and O Hara San was an apt pupil. It was pretty to hear her proud utterance of "dearest," to see the confiding glance that accompanied the oft repeated assurances, the shy security with which she rested, encircled by his arm. Guard your heart carefully O Hara San, for nothing in the world is so easy to break, so hard to mend.

Meanwhile Carlton sat deep in thought. This was the last night; there is always something strangely sad about the last moments of a parting however trivial, and this meant more to him than he dared confess. He had never told her of his engagement, never explained that he was only on leave, and would have to return to duty. Many a time, urged by conscience he had tried — and failed. Failure had been the keynote of his life; it was not likely he could alter now. It was hard, he thought bitterly; everything he wanted was denied him; little O Hara San with her pretty ways and beauty, her ready sympathy, and sweetness, was

¹ A native musica instrument.

to be lost to him for ever. She had stolen her way curiously, penetratingly, into his heart, and in his erratic, uncertain fashion he loved her. The melancholy eyes never lighted with anger for her; the scornful, careless replies never greeted her questions; all that was best in him rose at O Hara San's bidding, drawn to the surface by a little Eastern maiden's smile. Could he brave the future, throw up the whole sordid, miserable affair, and marry this Japanese girl? Love whispered *yes*, but Reason answered *no*; and men were ever amenable to Reason.

"You would not care to leave your lovely land, sweetheart?" he began, following the thread of his thoughts aloud, and half hoping for, though jealously ready to resent, a reply in the negative. But O Hara San looked up with adoring eyes. "With you anywhere," she returned simply.

This was disconcerting, but he pressed it further. "England is bleak and dreary, very little sunshine, not mild and gentle like this; you could not live there."

"I have a wadded *kimono*," she laughed triumphantly, "quite warm for cold weather," and she clapped her hands at this conclusive argument.

"You would miss your flowers, and birds, and Matsomoto, your father," he continued, but she shook her head in protest. "With you I miss nothing, want only you." The old, old cry that has echoed with such tragedy throughout the ages!

No, he could not tell her. Instead, he stooped and kissed her very tenderly, and she, smiling and trusting, sighed in absolute content.

There is no gauging Time by measurement; it is impossible. A year may flash by, a moment be an eternity; it all depends upon our

selves and circumstance. Certainly the last week had dragged leaden-footed for O Hara San, but a week of hopes and fears, of longing and fretting, is not likely to speed fast. Seven days of disappointment, seven nights of bitter weeping, and she could bear the pain no longer, for she was very young, and youth has the right to demand happiness.

"My father, I would go with flowers to the hotel," she said tremulously, approaching the verandah where Matsomoto sat unpacking a case of curios. All his attention was directed to the successful unfolding of many wrappers, and he had little time to spare for trivial interruption. An appreciative smile lingered round his lips, as he held aloft a tortoiseshell carving and watched the light shine golden through its delicate beauty, for Matsomoto was an artist in his way, and realised the perfection of his wares far more than did the wealthy tourists who bought them.

"Flowers, little one?" he answered absently, replacing the treasure in its wooden case. "But the cherry-blossom is over, and the lotus not yet in bloom; better wait awhile."

Wait? It would kill her! She must discover the reason of Carlton's disappearance at any cost. She clasped her hands in agony. "I have gathered many," she faltered with almost a sob; "I humbly beg you to let me go."

"Oh, go then," returned Matsomoto with a shrug. He often sent an offering of fruit and flowers to the hotel, and the proprietor in turn would recommend his guests to visit Matsomoto's store, for he was a celebrity among the village merchants, and owned the rarest and most desirable curios in the country.

O Hara San always bore those flower burdens herself; she liked the change, the glimpse of foreign dress and language, and in this manner had

acquired the little English she possessed. Matsomoto was proud of his pretty daughter, and correspondingly strict. She was never allowed to take part in the quaint dances that formed an occasional entertainment at the hotel, or to laugh and chatter with the waiting-maids. Later, she was destined to marry the son of a neighbouring dealer, but she did not know this, and Matsomoto had never heard of Carlton's existence.

At any other time she would have made an elaborate toilette for the errand, have daintily powdered her cheeks and placed a fresh posy in her hair, but to-day—ah, to-day all was changed. Hastily thrusting her little feet into her clogs, she caught up the basket of blossoms and set out, with never a thought of her dress.

Under the shady cryptomeria trees, she went, across the bridge spanning the foaming torrent, and up the steep hill, till the pretty hotel came into view, with its fantastic pillars and flowering creepers, its string of hired 'rickshaws and scattered guests.

The proprietor was crossing the hall, and he came bustling out at O Hara San's approach. As in duty bound, they bowed long and low, and then relieving her of her burden, he welcomed, and led her in.

"We have not seen you here of late, O Hara San, and we have missed your presence greatly. This gift is most beautiful; your honoured father is too condescending."

But O Hara San's despairing gaze was wandering restlessly around. He was not here, he was not in the verandah. Where was he? "You have good business this week?" she asked breathlessly, twisting her tiny ice-cold hands together, and flushing

at her own hypocrisy. "Many people in your excellent hotel?"

"Yes, ah yes." The little landlord beamed. "Several English, and many American, but we lose one party, and an officer-gentleman."

"Yes?" murmured O Hara San, and her heart beat to suffocation.

"His name Carlton," proceeded the proprietor complacently, emptying the basket; "he has gone to Yokohama to marry an American lady; he is married to-day."

"Yes?" whispered O Hara San, and her heart stopped.

"But I see new guests arriving. I leave for a short time. *Sayonara, arigato!*"¹

Smiling and bowing he withdrew, and O Hara San, as in a dream, passed out into the sunlight.

Married to-day, and at that moment the wedding-bells were ringing!

Of Carlton's feelings who can judge? After all, one must be cheerful on one's honeymoon, and with Columbia's dollars in his pocket, Columbia's voice at his ear, what time was there for regret, or for regret's twin-sister, remorse?

And as these two sailed away for ever, O Hara San knelt in the temple before her god. But there was no pity, no comprehension in Buddha's vacant gaze; the sightless eyes stared on, with the impotence of graven imagery, vouchsafing no comfort to the stricken figure, no consolation to the breaking heart.

As of old, the great bell was tolling the hour, and as of old the solemn strokes went floating across the mountain. They sounded to O Hara San like her own death-knell.

"Good-bye, thank you."

THE FUTURE OF ST. PIERRE.

ALTHOUGH a settlement of the French Shore question has been effected which will relieve Newfoundland of the intolerable incubus of a Gallic lodgment on her seaboard, the retention by France of the colony of St. Pierre-Miquelon must be counted a serious drawback to the fullest advantages of the compact, and especially so because of the probability of St. Pierre yet becoming a factor in Anglo-American disputes.

Canada and Newfoundland have evinced considerable apprehension of late over a proposal by Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, that the United States should purchase St. Pierre, in order to make the New England fishermen independent of Newfoundland, upon which they now have to rely for the bait necessary for their operations on the Grand Banks. Two years ago he declared that it would be a violation of the Monroe Doctrine for France to transfer St. Pierre to Great Britain, which moved the late Hon. David Mills, then Minister of Justice for Canada, to the following answer.

When France yielded up to Great Britain that part of Newfoundland of which she had taken possession, the Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon although Coast appendages of Newfoundland and forming practically a part of the Main Island, were by express Treaty stipulations allowed under certain restrictions to remain French possessions, as places of refuge for the French fishing vessels.

According to the new Doctrine of Senator Lodge, France could not cede these two Islands to Great Britain. They must become a possession of some North or South American Power when they

ceased to be French. Now I can say with the utmost confidence that when St. Pierre and Miquelon cease to belong to France, they must again be united to Newfoundland or become part of British North-America, and I hope we shall not ask, nor be expected to ask, the permission of our neighbours to secure the re-annexation of these Islands to British America.

Since the signing of the new Anglo-French convention and the abandonment by France of her treaty rights on our coast, there has been much discussion on both sides of the Atlantic over this question of St. Pierre. It has been pointed out, on the one side, that in the event of any dispute between Great Britain and the United States henceforth, a threat by France to dispose of St. Pierre to the Washington Government might lead England, under Canadian pressure, to pay a very large price for it; while on the other hand it is argued that the naval necessities of the United States call for an advanced base near the Grand Banks, which St. Pierre would admirably serve, and therefore Washington will seize the first favourable opportunity to secure it.

Canada and Newfoundland are anxious to see this question of a French colony in these waters permanently settled, the more so as the people of St. Pierre have been so much influenced by the declaration of Senator Lodge that they are at present clamouring for annexation to the United States. In the light of the recent Alaskan Award, such a consummation would be infinitely worse than the present conditions. The

United States, with St. Pierre as a fishery base, could revivify the Miquelon Archipelago, which poor fisheries and Newfoundland's Bait Act have now reduced to the direst poverty. Nor is the prospect of annexation to the United States a remote one. The Americans would be delighted to secure such a valuable possession, valuable as a fishery outpost and also as a naval station, in which capacity it would enable United States warships to dominate Canada's whole water-borne commerce, as it commands her entire seaboard.

Many of the phases of the France and Newfoundland question have been many times discussed for years past, but an aspect of it which has not been considered at its full value is that comprehended in the possession by the French of St. Pierre-Miquelon. Newfoundland and Canada are equally concerned in the relinquishment by France of her territorial sovereignty over St. Pierre, because the vast smuggling transactions, of which that island is the centre, injure Canada far more than they do Newfoundland or the New England States.

Newfoundland has maintained such a vigorous crusade against smuggling of late years as to have reduced it to a minimum, and the American seaboard is too remote to make the running of cargoes there a profitable venture. Canada, consequently, is victimised, and the French-Canadians of Quebec are the chief offenders in aiding the Pierrois to defraud the Dominion revenue. For this the geographical situation of the Province is somewhat responsible, but the tie of common extraction which binds St. Pierre and Quebec is the dominating factor. Thus, it is not difficult to see, from the point of view of Imperial policy, how essential it is that the French dominion over St. Pierre should be abrogated, especially as

the absorption of Newfoundland by Canada is again being urged, so that the inexpediency of permitting a geographical pendant to Newfoundland, such as St. Pierre constitutes, to remain in possession of a foreign Power will be doubly apparent.

Although it may be thought that the recent treaty ends the Newfoundland entanglement, such is not the case. The question of St. Pierre will be coming up again for adjustment within a few years; for, paradoxical though it may seem, the real crux of the French Shore question lies not so much in the fishery rights which the Frenchman enjoyed on the West Coast of Newfoundland, as in their occupancy of St. Pierre as a headquarters for their main fishing operations on the Grand Banks. The Treaty Shore phase of the difficulty was settling itself by the failure of the fishing there and the consequent abandonment of the strand by the French. St. Pierre, however, occupies a vastly more serious position. It is an alien dependency over which Newfoundland can exercise no control, and its existence constitutes a direct and abiding menace to the prosperity of our Colony. One can distinguish between the conditions prevailing on the Treaty Shore coast, where development practically does not exist, and the disastrous effects of French bounty-fed competition upon the Newfoundland cod-fishing industry, which has no such stimulus although it is the mainstay of that people. The mineral and other resources of the French shore may be immensely valuable, but to-day they are only in their infancy. The cod-fishery, on the other hand, is a factor of undoubted value and of vital importance in the colonial economy, and as French bounties contributed materially to ruin the West India sugar industry, so the same policy has

been put into operation to the great detriment of Newfoundland, perhaps for no other reason than to keep alive the decaying fish industry of the Norman and Breton seaports, though possibly the less commendable motive of annoying Newfoundland and the Mother Country may have figured to some extent in the calculations of the French statesmen who initiated the scheme.

The prosperity of St. Pierre is based upon two corner-stones, — bounties and smuggling. Remove either, and very grave consequences must result; undermine them both, and the little colony would soon be depopulated, a contingency now quite manifest. St. Pierre is a barren rock, producing nothing of vegetable life that is commercially valuable; it is only as a fishing shelter that it maintains its commercial importance.

Examine the matter of bounties first, we find that the French treasury yearly grants in such aid to the fisheries in North American waters the enormous sum of six million francs, almost a thousand francs for every man engaged in them. This large sum is subdivided among the several interests concerned, so that all participate in its benefits. The *armateur*, or merchant who fits out the ship, gets his proportion; the crew receive their head-money; the dory-builder who constructs the flat-bottomed skiffs they use obtains his quota; and the trader who exports the cured product of the industry is allowed a sum per quintal graded according to the destination of the cargoes, — French West Indies, French West Africa, Algeria, or the Catholic countries of Southern Europe where a fish-diet is a regular factor.

Briefly stated these bounties are equal to two-thirds of the value of every hundredweight of fish taken from the water by the Frenchmen.

and with their industry thus helped they can afford to undersell the Newfoundland fish in every market where the two come into competition. These bounties have been obtained from the French Chamber by the argument that the Bank fishery formed a nursery for French naval recruits. But it has been conclusively proved that these fishermen are worthless as blue-jackets, the whole character of their industry unfitting them for the discipline and ordered intelligence of a warship. In the wooden frigate of the last century they might have formed a useful element, but in the complicated interior of a modern battle-ship they would be as ill at ease as their progenitors of the Commune. This plea of maintaining a naval nursery on the Grand Banks has been used as a lodestone to draw forth a golden current from the French Chamber, through the misguided patriotism of the Deputies, for the enrichment of the *armateurs* of Brittany and Miquelon, and the impoverishment of the provincial peasantry. Should the light of reason irradiate the Deputies at Versailles when this question comes up for discussion, and they enact the part of wisdom by refusing to vote a continuance of the bounties, this St. Pierre difficulty would not cause the diplomatists of the two countries many anxious hours, for the Bank fishery would speedily be abandoned.

But as bearing upon the naval aspect of the case, the illustration afforded by the fishing town of Gloucester, Massachusetts, in the late American war with Spain, is decidedly significant. Gloucester is the centre of the American fishery on the Grand Banks, as St. Malo is of the French fishery there, and when war against Spain was declared Secretary Long, chief of the United States Navy Department, telegraphed to the mayor

of Gloucester enquiring if that town could undertake to man one of the converted cruisers then making ready. The mayor's reply was in the negative, and only three hundred and five of the twelve thousand fishermen of New England responded to the call for naval volunteers. Yet the American fishing industry is afforded the protection of a duty against Canadian and Newfoundland fish entering the United States which is prohibitive; and the above is the extent of the patriotism induced thereby. It is quite probable that in an emergency the French naval authorities would find their dependence similarly misplaced.

Bolstered up as it is, however, the French Bank fishery has been a most serious competition for Newfoundland. It is carried on heartily by the Metropolitan Firms, as they are called, of St. Malo, Fecamp, and Granville, in large stout wooden ships, and by the Pierrois merchants in smaller schooners. The statistics of the fishery for 1903 were:

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| 118 Metropolitan vessels of 14,765 tons, | with 8,968 men. |
| 207 Grand Pecheurs of 9,981 tons, with | 8,875 men. |
| 440 Petit Pecheurs of 1,277 tons with 967 | men. |
| Total: 765 craft of 26,023 tons, with | |
| 8,810 men. | |

Of these only four hundred and two men were operating on the Treaty Coast of Newfoundland, the remainder being on the Grand Banks. The Grand Pecheurs are the larger class of Pierrois vessels which go to the Banks; the Petit Pecheurs are the undecked boats which fish around the Miquelon Islands. The total catch of this fleet was 637,727 quintals (a quintal being equivalent to 112 lbs.), of which 352,000 quintals, or more than half the quantity, was exported. The export of this

fish forms the chief grievance of Newfoundland, whose product it is replacing in Southern Europe. Everywhere in the Mediterranean countries, to whose Catholic inhabitants fish is a staple of food, the French can undersell the Newfoundlanders, owing to the bounties, until it seemed at one time only a question of a few years when they would drive the Newfoundlanders from these markets altogether.

The remarkable feature of the situation is that, while their total catch, as recorded at St. Pierre, has shown no increase in the past twelve years, the proportion of it that has been exported has evidenced a steady enlargement, because the chief bounty is only paid upon fish exported from French possessions; and occasionally parcels of cod, which would otherwise rot at home, are given free to foreign dealers in order that the owners may collect their allowance upon the export papers. Newfoundland fifteen years ago, finding the French product undermining hers, passed the famous Bait Act, preventing the French fishermen from entering her waters to procure bait or her own people from conveying it to them; and by vigorously enforcing it every season she has now succeeded in completely crippling their industry, until financial disaster threatens to overwhelm St. Pierre, and its inhabitants are emigrating by scores. French fishermen have been driven to all sorts of expedients to procure this essential requisite, the latest being to trawl for periwinkles on the Banks; but they have now depleted the beds of these shell-fish and are more dependent upon Newfoundland than ever. The difficulties, however, of enforcing an Act preventing the sale of bait to them are not slight, and the resulting friction is very unpleasant. Naturally, therefore, the Newfoundlanders would prefer to live on more amicable terms

with their Pierrois neighbours, but they cannot be expected to sacrifice themselves and the interests of their main industry through any sentimental consideration for France and St. Pierre.

The settlement of the Treaty Coast phase of the French-in-Newfoundland difficulty will have no bearing upon this particular matter, and so long as the commercial rivalry between the two continues Newfoundland will have to use every weapon which the doctrine of self-preservation justifies. The gravity of this issue cannot be exaggerated; upon it depends the future existence of Newfoundland as an independent, self-governing Colony of the British Empire. The Chamber of Commerce of St. John's, Newfoundland, laid before the Royal Commission, sent out by Mr. Chamberlain in 1898 to investigate this whole question, a memorandum containing the most convincing statistics showing the decline in both Newfoundland exports and the prices obtained for them since the French bounty system was fully established, and emphasising the ruinous results which must accrue to the Colony unless some remedy is devised.

Only a desperate remedy can arrest the spread of this financial anemia, and that remedy can but take the form of inducing the French to abandon their bounties and give up St. Pierre, especially when they see that there is no direct benefit accruing to them from one or the other. Only recently the reporter on the Colonial Budget to the Chamber of Deputies showed that for millions of dollars annually spent by France for colonisation purposes she only receives back twenty-five per cent., while as regards the Bank fisheries the bounties now equal twenty-two per cent. of the value of fish caught.

The smuggling aspect of the diffi-

culty is no less menacing to Newfoundland than the commercial competition. Situated, as St. Pierre is, only twelve miles off her southern coast, and commanding the entrance to the great bays of St. Mary, Placentia, Fortune, and Burgeo, it offers unequalled facilities for a contraband traffic. Spirituous liquors, tobaccos, and fishery requisites are the articles which form the staple of the business; and as the French have never permitted a British consul at St. Pierre, no means has existed of exercising a supervision over the hundreds of Newfoundland and Canadian craft which visit there and load these goods for illicit distribution in their respective colonies. Though Newfoundland has maintained a most vigorous anti-smuggling crusade in recent years and practically stamped out the traffic on a large scale, it is an impossibility to prevent its being carried on in a lesser degree by every boat-owner and fisherman along the adjacent seaboard. The Customs regulations at St. Pierre are so lax that the port becomes a regular stopping-place for the colonial craft in their voyages to and fro, and they never lose the opportunity of replenishing their stores there or of secreting quantities of dutiable goods to be landed on their own shores.

When it is considered that the Newfoundland coast-line is three thousand miles in extent, sparsely populated and with hundreds of harbours where there is no revenue officer, it can readily be seen how easy it is for the floating population to supply itself with the above articles without conforming to the regulations of the Colonial Treasury. Furthermore, on the Treaty Coast Newfoundland, until the recent settlement, could not interfere with the goods which the French fishermen bring there with them every season, ostensibly for use in their own industry

but really for sale to the residents there; and by this means they demoralised the Colonial Revenue over that entire seaboard. It is estimated by the Newfoundland Customs authorities that the annual loss of Revenue through smuggling from St. Pierre is at least \$100,000, besides the cost of maintaining a staff of revenue officers on the southern and western coasts being fully four times what it need be if this pestiferous alien appendage to the island no longer existed or the traffic could be stopped.

Canada is much worse off than Newfoundland, because the Coast of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island, and Quebec are open to the incursions of the smugglers, who carry on their work on a most extended scale. They have a regular fleet of sailing vessels engaged in the business, with false bulkheads and secret places in the different parts of each vessel; and seizures have been made along the Maritime Province coasts in which liquor to the value of \$15,000 was found in some of these ships. The extent and ramifications of this traffic were exposed in a confession made by one of the prominent operators in it to the Royal Commissioners while in session in St. John's, he and thirteen others having been arrested just prior to that time and a release from prison being promised him on condition of revealing the proceedings of himself and associates. The operations along the Quebec coastline are managed by a regularly organised syndicate with headquarters at St. Pierre and connections in every township in the French Canadian province, and a fleet of three-masted schooners conveying the alcohol from Boston to Miquelon, whence it is ferried up the St. Lawrence in river craft for distribution among the hamlets there. The Dominion Government maintains several

revenue steamers along the gulf and river of St. Lawrence to overhaul the smuggling crafts, but the latter carry various changes of canvas and can thus deceive even the lynx-eyed Customs authorities. The Canadian authorities estimate their annual loss at from \$500,000 to \$800,000, so that between Newfoundland and the Dominion there is fully a million dollars lost every year through the alien sovereignty in St. Pierre, when the cost of maintaining the revenue protective service in the two dependencies is taken into account. The best French brandy can be bought in St. Pierre for forty cents a bottle, gin for from fifteen to twenty-five cents, and alcohol for thirty-five cents a gallon. It is, therefore, easy to see the profit there is in this smuggling business, when it is remembered that the duty on proof spirit entering Canada is \$1.90 a gallon and into Newfoundland \$2.50. This smuggled alcohol is doctored with drugs and colouring extracts, and \$100 worth of it purchased at St. Pierre and so treated will fetch \$1,000 along the coasts of Canada and Newfoundland.

That the foregoing picture of the smuggling business at St. Pierre is not overdrawn can be proved beyond question by an analysis of the trade statistics of that port. It is a fishing town and nothing more. Its population is but six thousand five hundred, all of whom are either fisherfolk or engaged in industries depending directly on the fisheries. The French peasantry and fishers are notoriously frugal in their living and this characteristic is accentuated in the Miquelon colony. The staple diet is refuse fish which the Newfoundlanders would throw away, a little wine and soup forming the only luxuries. So badly were the men in the Metropolitan fleet fed the past five years that it resulted in an exposure in the Cham-

ber of Deputies, in the course of which it was shown that the crews sent out from France each year to man the *Pierrois Grand Pecheurs* were treated in the same heartless fashion. The surplus goes into illicit consumption in the neighbouring British colonies. A very grave aspect of this situation is that the smuggling has been carried on with full knowledge, if not with the positive approval, of the St. Pierre authorities and the Government of France, for, despite all the protests made by Canada and Newfoundland, the French steadily refused to permit a British consul to be appointed there, and only agreed to it in the recent convention. But almost every man in the place is concerned to some extent in this smuggling and therefore would be an enemy of the consul. Therefore, if he did his duty fearlessly, as a British official would, his life would be the reverse of pleasant while he remained in the smugglers' den. The other alternative is that of France renouncing her sovereignty over the group, in return for concessions to be granted her elsewhere.

It can hardly be held, even by the most pronounced advocates of the French claims, that they have not violated their Treaty obligations by permitting St. Pierre to become the headquarters of this smuggling traffic, to the detriment of Newfoundland and Canada, and by granting a fishing bounty to vessels and men located in St. Pierre, with the result that the solvent existence of Newfoundland is constantly menaced. These reasons, formulated by a British Minister and insisted upon, would constitute a very effective argument in favour of the French abandoning the place. It must be remembered also that St. Pierre and Miquelon are valueless to France except as a fishing-station, the whole

group containing but one harbour, that of St. Pierre itself. To exchange St. Pierre for some African or Caribbean possession would be a wise step on the part of France, because then a territory might be obtained which it would be possible to make some profit out of, as can be no longer done with St. Pierre. It is doomed to that fate which has already befallen the French occupation of the Treaty shore. Depleted fisheries and unrenumerative prices have reduced the thousands of Frenchmen who resorted there some years ago to a mere handful to-day, four hundred in all, and it is impossible for St. Pierre to maintain itself long in the face of the attack which the combined Revenue forces of Canada and Newfoundland could make upon her. They might organise a concerted crusade against the smugglers from the point in Newfoundland nearest to the *Pierrois* roadstead, where their Revenue cutters could lie in wait and overhail all crafts as they got beyond the French territorial waters. The success of such a venture would soon impoverish the *Pierrois*, and the collapse of the fisheries would speedily ensue. The enforcement of the Bait Act has worked great detriment to them in the past, and latterly they are feeling its effects more than ever. It is, with Newfoundland certainly, and with Canada partly, a case of fighting for self-preservation.

The chief objection the French have to the cession of St. Pierre is no doubt the sentimental one of parting with the last vestige of their once vast possessions in North America; but this is a utilitarian age, and a slice of territory elsewhere would soon silence all objections. Nor would their relinquishment of the islets necessarily mean their abandoning of the fisheries altogether. If the bounties

were stopped by France, Newfoundland would offer no objections to the French fishermen entering their waters for bait and supplies, for her hostility to them is not from trade jealousy but from a justifiable indignation at the unfair advantage taken by the French in their effort to drive her out of the markets she gained by the labour of years and held by honest means. Competing with the French along uniform lines without bounties or unfair advantages, Newfoundland can more than hold her own, but she cannot face their bonus of seventy-two per cent. value of the product.

Failing to secure the transfer of the Miquelon group and the abandonment of the French bounties, there will be one alternative open to the British Ministry, — to grant Newfoundland a fixed sum yearly to be applied as countervailing bounties, to cease so soon as the French abolish theirs or as Newfoundland cripples their fishery. With such a stimulus she should destroy the French Banking industry and depopulate St. Pierre within five years. Depriving them of bait on the one hand, and

equalising their bounties on the other, prosecuting the fisheries from her own door while they have to bring their men and equipment over three thousand miles of ocean and back again each year, it needs no emphasising to show that the Pierrois could not long withstand such a combination against them, and that they would be glad, ere many years, to have Great Britain take the islands off the hands of France, which every year squanders the output of a gold-mine in their maintenance.

By this means, too, the designs of the United States would be frustrated, and England relieved of the danger of an American acquisition of these islands, a circumstance which would be of infinitely greater peril to British interests in this region than their retention by France, because it is highly improbable that any cause of controversy with the latter would induce France to attempt to fortify St. Pierre, whereas the Americans would be only too glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to convert it into a naval base.

P. T. McGRATH.

St. John's, Newfoundland.

CONGREGATION AND CONVOCATION.

AFTER some years of comparative peace the University of Oxford is again being stirred by the conflict of ideas and theories which fought their last pitched battles in the excited times following the appointment of the University Commission of 1878. The fate of the University is still uncertain, and uncertain in more ways than one. There are those who, we have just been reminded, hope that she will emerge from the crucible completely undenominational; there are those who believe that scientific interest and influence are destined to overpower the immemorial literary character of the place; while apart from these questions of tendency are those of internal economy and constitution, some holding that the late changes in these respects will in time make Oxford a centre of literary effort and of the collective teaching power of England, while others prophesy that we shall find we have but provided an eleemosynary institute for superannuated instructors. But for good or for evil the great change was wrought twenty years ago or more; and the story of those times has yet to be fairly and impartially written. Such material as we have is generally the work of writers who in their zeal leave "not even Lancelot brave or Galahad pure" in the ranks of their opponents; but they have kept the public ear thus far. It may not be out of place to point out that there is another side of things, and the decisive manner in which Greater Oxford has so lately expressed its opinion upon one at least of the points round which the struggle raged, and still rages, would

seem to show that there exists a mass of feeling in the country which is as much unrepresented by the resident vote now as it was then, and to justify an attempt to correct the exaggerations and the mis-statements which too often pass current as true presentments of the time.

On the other hand incisive criticism of the present state and probable future of things is in the air. There are sufferers, not ineloquent, from the existing stagnation. Every year young men of talent who a few years ago would have been gladly welcomed by their own colleges, after taking their degree, to fill up the gaps in the tutorial body which were continually occurring as the older men recognised (or were recommended to recognise) their advancing years and consequent diminution in energy, are now practically dismissed from the University. They are presented with an annuity for seven years, and they go forth into the cold shade of the Civil Service or the Junior Bar, lest they should interfere with men who are no whit their superiors in talent and who have long enjoyed the sweets of office. The disinherited go to swell the ranks of the malcontents, and being by no means voiceless, their strictures must at times even flutter the comfortable dovescots of New Oxford. But the older men are fettered now in their places by family considerations. The dual character of the studies at both the old Universities, adapted not for Class only but for Pass also, and intended to secure not merely the highest education for genius but reasonable culture also for the less gifted, de-

mands an indefatigable rejuvenescence and power of adaptation which are very rarely to be met with in elderly teachers. A schoolmaster may look in vain nowadays for a headship if his age be over forty, while the Oxford tutor, who is but an etherealised schoolmaster as things go now, remains as immovable as Theseus. And people are beginning to ask whether the Nationalisation of the Universities has after all meant the creation of a number of co-optative oligarchies whose members are like to be paralysed by the possession of that bane of the Englishman, a modest competence.

The great changes referred to above were made partly of course from without by the Universities Commissions, and up to a certain point they were made in response to pressure from within. Such pressure was supposed to be authoritative; if people ask to be reformed surely, it was said, we should reform them. There were certainly loud complaints from within, and the loudest perhaps was on the subject of clerical headships. In nearly every case the choice of the head of a college was fettered by the necessity of electing a clergyman, and this was held to be a grievous disablement; so many colleges, it was said, had most distinguished laymen at command, great as statesmen, as philosophers, and as savants, whom they would gladly receive as possessors of such dignified sinecures, and yet were compelled to elect clerics of inferior calibre. The change was made; and to the infinite disgust of the author of *THE NATIONALISATION OF THE UNIVERSITIES* some colleges have after a brief experience of lay administration, returned to clerical headships. Yet this was the cry: give us free power of election and you will see the most distinguished son of every college, fellow or no fellow, at its head. On the contrary, the tendency will surely

be more and more to employ the headships as a new form of pension; the temptation will arise to dispose of an obstructive, aged, or inefficient tutor by an ignominious elevation. In old times he would have been offered a good country living and advised to accept it; now he will be requested to become a figurehead and to leave the course open for the energetic.

But this is by the way. The two University Commissions were appointed under Conservative influence, and their proposals were at first studiously moderate. Life-fellowships were of course doomed; but the wishes of the pious founder were still held as the basis of arrangements. Clerical headships were in some cases to be retained and a poor remainder of the once predominant clerical fellowships were to survive. The writer possesses drafts of some of these earlier proposals, never made public, in which these principles are embodied; but these drafts are dated early in 1880, and later in that year came the general election, which threw power into the hands of a statesman who it was said could never forgive his own University the offence of rejecting himself as her representative. The elevation of Lord Selborne, the chairman of the Commission, to the woolsack, gave the needed opportunity. Dr. Bradley, then Master of University College, was nominated in his place, and it was understood that he held a mandate for the complete secularisation of the University. Certainly the tone of the Commission at once changed, and the results were apparent in the immediate removal of nearly all restrictions as fixed by the founders of colleges. Clerical headships and fellowships were swept away with one stroke of the pen. Dr. Bradley's appointment to the Deanery of Westminster immediately followed.

Simultaneously with the action of the Commission the old Conservative influence had sustained a crushing defeat within the University. For many years elections to the Hebdomadal Council, the only body with the right of initiating academic legislation, had been left to that party. In the year 1878 the Liberals made the discovery that nearly every professorship, sinecure or semi-sinecure, was in the hands of their friends, and thought that all the best administrators and business men were also on their side. Convocation, that is the general body of resident Masters of Arts of the University, was no doubt Conservative, but there was no organisation, and none seemed to be considered necessary; while the Liberals, organising quietly and effectively on the lines of the then newly-introduced Caucus, put forward as their candidates six of the most distinguished men in the University. The result was a decisive victory, and for years their opponents remained in a demoralised and inactive condition.

The Reformers began in real earnest. One of their number was credibly reported to carry about with him the Statutes of the University as devout men carry their prayer-book, and to spend every spare moment in searching for ordinances to repeal or alter. But their zeal met with a check from a very unexpected quarter. It had been supposed that the new non-clerical fellows, the children of the Commission, being as it were on their promotion, would become the young lions of the party. They proved lions indeed, but their roaring was most unfilial; and the cause of this was sufficiently obvious. For the ten years previous to the sitting of the Commission there had been a singular dearth, in some colleges a complete cessation, of appointments to fellowships. As tutors married they were

retained on the teaching staff in the expectation that the new statutes would legalise married fellows; and their vacated fellowships, instead of being filled up, were suspended to afford pay for the exiles and their families. In one college this process of detrition had left only six actual fellows; and in many there was a gap of several years between the standing of the last fellow of the old foundation and the newly-elected fellow of the new. The younger men when they came in found themselves side by side with old dons masquerading as youthful Radicals. On the strength of refusals to go to morning chapel twenty years before, these derelicts claimed to be considered as champions of liberty, while the young bloods persisted in regarding them as Whigs of a peculiarly malignant and self-seeking type. To this natural repulsion was in part at least due the origin of the once-famous Non-Placet Society. It was really believed for a time that there was a secret combination, a kind of academic Kuklux for the assassination by adverse vote (*non placet*) of the Council's most cherished measures. But as a matter of fact no such society ever existed; there was merely a consensus of opinion among the younger men against ill-considered and unnecessary legislation, and to this was added presently a strong feeling of protest against personal jobbery. For an era had now begun in which it was necessary to find a place for deserving politicians who either were married or desired to marry, and in some instances offices were apparently created for the especial behoof of such persons. These and other causes,—notably a dislike to the policy which sought to give to a University traditionally literary in culture a scientific character—caused the trend of opinion to become strongly Conservative, and

by the end of 1885 this was certainly the dominant feeling in the University. To all this must be added the effect of Jowett's high-handed proceedings as Vice-Chancellor, which caused, as his biographers are fain to admit, deep irritation and brought it about that measure after measure was either rejected or only carried by the narrowest of majorities.

These measures were principally directed to the advancement of the cause of scientific and technical education at the expense of the literary side; and it was quickly perceived by the astute managers of the New Movement that every step gained in that direction rendered the next more easy. The innumerable pigeon-holes of natural science offered facilities for the introduction into them of innumerable teachers, and as these were promptly created Masters of Arts, every such appointment meant a fresh vote gained; and it was by means of such appointments that the genuine internal development of the opposition above described was met. For such new appointments facilities were afforded partly by the action of the Commission, which had light-heartedly appropriated for the purposes large sums from the prospective agricultural increments of the incomes of the colleges, and partly by alienating the very slender funds of the University itself. Hardly a term passed without the allocation of large sums to the support, or rather establishment of a study for which Oxford, as many thought, offered no natural facilities,—an adventitious and artificial growth. There were professors with one or two hearers, examiners in schools in which they outnumbered the candidates,—"lords of waste marshes, kings of desolate isles." And these men, to a great extent drawn from external and non-literary institutions, were immediately endowed

with powers which enabled them to vote on subjects of which they were totally ignorant and to swamp by mere numbers the highest literary talent of the University. It was indeed in one of the debates as to the increase of their numbers or their pay that the now well-known term *unlettered scientist* first came to be used. In every discussion, on every appointment, the Museum vote had to be reckoned with as cast solidly on one side or the other. There was apparently a tacit understanding between these folk and the literary Radical to the effect that if they lent their aid in carrying his measures they should receive his support in all their own proposals. They used to come down in a flock, somewhat unkempt and unacademic in appearance, and merely vote to order. By these means the great majority of the internal changes which were carried out under the direction of the Master of Balliol were affected.

A natural result of the irritation thus engendered was that the Science Debates, which were hardy terminals or nearly so, were distinguished for acrimony, a quality as a rule admirably absent from the speeches in Congregation. It was difficult to abuse a man in public with whom you might have to dine every night if you wanted your table allowance; and as a rule the speeches were remarkable for their tenderness for personal susceptibilities; only in the Science Debates did feeling occasionally come to the front. On one occasion a Science Professor repeatedly alluded to the "Master" of Trinity as one of his opponents, and being met again and again with corrections of "President!" at last turned and begged the pardon of the House; he could not "get the name out of his head, for he came," he said, "from a University where the Master of Trinity was

a really important person." And whether the professor said that of malice prepense or in pure *gaucherie* will ever remain a mystery. A professor on the other side, the most courteous and kindly of men in private life, was betrayed into describing the University of Cambridge as recruited from the most barbarous and brutalised counties of England. And scarcely less ferocious was the utterance of the Johnsonian Freeman,—the flamboyant masses of his beard waving around him—when he described the signatories to one of the Science memorials: "And there I discovered a name which at first I believed to be that of a dear and learned friend, William Bright of Christ Church, but on investigation I was disgusted to find that it was that of an entirely different person," the different person being also a historian.

These acerbities were softened by one episode which added to the gaiety of the University. One of the innumerable Museum votes was opposed on the ground that it endowed vivisection, and vivisection was at that time rather a sore point at Oxford. Burdon Sanderson, recently appointed Professor of Physiology, could not walk abroad without being insulted by the spectacle of old ladies catching up their pet dogs from the pavement at the sight of him, and scurrying away with them down side-streets. Attractive spinsters invaded the pene-tralia of junior dons with petitions to be signed, and the Bodleian Librarian threw himself heart and soul into the fray. It was not very long after the great calling up of Convocation over the Horton case, presently to be described; and the calling up seemed to have been done so easily and to have given such pleasure to a variety of persons, other than the Vice-Chancellor, that the Anti-Vivisectionists

determined to do likewise. The call was not very successful; a few came up, sufficient to induce the authorities to transfer the voting from the Convocation House to the ample area of the Sheldonian Theatre. The numbers were not very large, but the excitement was great, and the noise tremendous. One aged Doctor of Laws, on finding that he could not obtain a hearing, actually produced a lethal weapon (to wit, a revolver) and brandished it in the face of the assembly; but public attention was mainly centred on the two protagonists, Professor Burdon Sanderson and the Librarian. The latter solemnly read aloud from a Blue Book of some sort a gruesome narrative of the alleged vivisection of a dog. It ended with the words "I had much pleasure in repeating this interesting experiment"; there were howls of horror prepared, when Burdon Sanderson jumped to his feet: "Why, the dog was dead," said he. "As I read it," said his opponent with great conviction, "the dog was alive." "But I performed the experiment," said the Professor, "and I say the dog was dead." Thus all the sting was taken out of the Librarian's indictment. He was afterwards depicted in an unfeeling caricature as being vivisected by Burdon Sanderson who was ejaculating, "I have much pleasure in repeating this interesting experiment." The Vivisectionists were victorious in the division.

The Science men seldom spoke for themselves: they only voted. In debate they were content to rely upon the jagged stick and clean-cut epigrams of Professor Pelham, or upon the lucid and persuasive financial statements of Bartholomew Price and Alfred Robinson. Of these two it is impossible for any Oxford man of that decade to speak save with respect and honour. That they were

mistaken in supporting the attempts to convert a literary into a technical University most of us at that time believed; but no one could listen to their clear explanations of financial ways and means without feeling that they might well have been Chancellors of a greater exchequer than that of a University always trying to extract subsidies from recalcitrant and half-bankrupt colleges. Once and once only was Alfred Robinson said to have made a mistake in figures. Good old Canon Christopher, deaf as a post, was wont to wander about the Convocation House with his ear-trumpet, stalking solemnly over to each speaker as he rose and placing the instrument immediately under his face. For a young orator to have to begin a speech gazing into that trumpet was paralysing; and even the Bursar of New College was said once to have been so fascinated by the contemplation of its cavernous recesses that he faltered in his figures, and made two and two amount to five.

A great check upon oratory, though seldom used, existed and still exists in the rule that whereas in Congregation,—which it will be remembered is the assembly of Masters of Arts resident in Oxford—English is commonly allowed to be spoken, in Convocation the special leave of the Vice-Chancellor is required for the use of anything except Latin. There is a scandalous tradition that no less a person than Dean Liddell of Christ Church, being approached by an eager orator with the request "*licetne Anglice loqueri*," responded in his haste "*Solo Vice-cancellario licet Anglice loqueri*." It is probably a libel, as is certainly the story which attributes to Conington the marvellous sentence, "*Domini, si non dabetis tempus sufficientem, non habebetis statutum stabilem atque*

permanentem." The real hero of this magnificent utterance was Professor Baden Powell.

On this use of the Latin language in speeches and statutes hinged one of the most amusing debates that Oxford ever heard. Sometime in the Seventies the practice had grown up (and was supposed to be sanctioned by statute) of lending out books from the Bodleian. It had increased until there was some danger of a similar state of things to that which once existed at Cambridge, where the University Library served as a circulating medium for the provision of light reading for the daughters of the neighbouring clergy. At the Bodleian, however, it was no question of novels, but of the most valuable books, which were allowed to be carried away by persons as noted for their careless habits as for their profound scholarship. This thing had become a burden, when an astounding discovery was made. The statute on which the lending was based permitted the Librarian *mutuari libros*. Now *mutuari* means "to borrow," but the statute was the work (or was said to be) of a famous headmaster, and most undoubtedly he thought it meant "to lend"; more marvellous still, the whole University had acquiesced. Had it been the Hebdomadal Council only, which once achieved lasting fame by translating *einige Professoren* "a single professor," no one would have wondered. But for ten years or more the word had passed muster. The Librarian then came to Convocation to get *mutuari* changed into *commodare* and Convocation made the change, but limited to itself the right to lend, thereby stopping the practice. In the debate, which was delightful, the Professor of Chinese brought down the house. There was a book, he said, of which three copies only

existed in the whole wide world, and one was in the Bodleian. He had two copies himself, but he had three pupils, and where was he to get a copy to lend to the third pupil if not from the library? This was a sufficiently appalling prospect for the advocates of lending whom the good Professor supposed he was supporting. But the matter was settled by a speech from one of the sub-librarians, who described in inimitable language the interior of the study of one of the borrowers, now a highly-respected prelate of the Church. The scene, he said, was Alpine; there were mountainous masses of books, torrents of falling volumes; there was the Giessbach, there was the Staubbach,—more particularly the Staubbach; and deeply buried beneath moraines of literature would be found the priceless treasures of the Bodleian, illuminated manuscripts and incunabula of incalculable value. There was no resisting the conclusion; once again the Non-Placet Society had its way, and lending from the library, except under the most stringent conditions, was at an end.

Reference has been made to the calling up of Convocation,—that is of the non-resident voters, who have the last word in all great questions; but they are rarely summoned, on account of the great expense incurred and the inconvenience to professional men. Nowadays, as in the recent election of Lord Goschen as Chancellor, it is usual to ascertain by postcard the approximate number who will vote on each side, and one or the other party gives way on this evidence; but between 1880 and 1890 feeling ran too high for such deliberate calculation, and Convocation was called up three times. Only once has it been called up since. The summoning is done by circular, and if necessary by personal appeals from

the colleges to their non-resident members. Of course in such cases the colleges which make much of their old alumni have an overwhelming advantage, and it used to be calculated that Christ Church, Queen's, and St. John's could on occasion almost command a majority of votes in Convocation. But the summoning entails great expense and trouble and is well dispensed with when that is possible. In the case of a Parliamentary election of course all electors have to go to Oxford; and there is a pretty legend of a Northumbrian clergyman in the old coaching days, who on his way up paired eleven times at different halting-places on the road and in the end voted for his man after all.

The great calling-up took place in 1883, and it was caused by one of Jowett's characteristic manoeuvres. He had, in pursuance of his fixed policy, procured the nomination of a Dissenter to examine in what was then called Rudiments of Faith and Religion. The person selected for the purpose was Mr. Horton, a Nonconformist preacher now of celebrity, but then chiefly known, to undergraduates at least, from a shameless cartoon in Shrimpton's window. He had publicly announced (or was said to have done so) that he "would wear no clothes to distinguish him from his Christian brethren." What he meant was obvious enough; but the caricaturist had seized upon the ambiguous phrase and depicted Mr. Horton clad in a cloud only. Over his name the great fight took place. It should be premised that the approval of examiners rests in the first place with the Ancient House, a curious and quaint body said to have been left in existence by an oversight of the first University Commission, and composed of regents,—that is, of Doctors, Professors, Examiners, Deans

of Colleges and all resident Masters of under two years' standing: the final decision lay with Convocation. It had been determined to avoid all complications by throwing out the name in the Ancient House, and a meeting to arrange this was being held at Christ Church, when to the general astonishment the Bishop of Oxford (uninvited, it was said,) appeared upon the scene. He was then residing at Oxford, Cuddesdon Palace being under repair, and the result of his intervention, well meant as it undoubtedly was, should be a lesson to enthusiastic prelates who desire to take part in politics, or at least in the municipal life of their great cities. The struggle which ensued was due to his interference. He counselled peace at any price, and peace at any price meant as usual bitter war; but for the moment episcopal prestige prevailed. The Ancient House was crowded when the vote came on, but all speeches must perforce be in Latin, and only one was delivered. The orator was Dr. Chase, Principal of St. Mary Hall, and the speech (which was afterwards printed) was an admirable piece of Latinity, in which epigram and argument were prettily combined. But the bishop's plea had had its effect; the name was carried by a narrow majority, and the exasperated minority went forth determined to fight the matter out to the bitter end. Before noon of next day a strongly worded appeal to Convocation was in print and before midnight many colleges had despatched all their allotted copies. The other side were as active, but with singularly little result; they could arouse no enthusiasm for what many strong Liberals considered only a wanton piece of mischief, and it was soon evident which way the decision would go. Christ Church was understood to account for one hundred and fifty

voters against the nomination, and the London members were as usual much in evidence. On the morning of the final vote Oxford was thronged as at Commemoration, but with a more sombre crowd. It was known that the division would be a heavy one, and the Sheldonian was as usual appropriated for the occasion. The area and the Doctors' seats were crowded, and when the Vice-Chancellor took his seat in the face of what was plainly a hostile assembly it was evident that he was very angry indeed. If one could imagine a cherub in a black temper one might form some idea of his appearance. The formula for submitting the names of examiners was of course a Latin one, and he enunciated it thus: "Nomina vobis [there were two] approbandos vel improbandos proponimus." The country clergy stared; did they hear aright? Had the declensions been revised since the consulship of Plancus? Surely Priscian was a little scratched; but no matter, 'twould serve, or would have served had it not been for what followed. Speaking at the top of his shrill voice the Vice-Chancellor added, "but as some of you may not understand Latin I will put it in English." We could hardly believe our ears; we had heard that acrid Cumbrian, the present Bishop of Hereford, drop slow contempt upon the capabilities of Congregation as authorities in educational matters; we had heard the Professor of Chinese (a Baptist Ex-Missionary) state his opinion, as derived from experience, that the clergy of the Church of England were liars all; but as a deliberate insult this passed everything. Had the assembly been the clerical tumult which Jowett's biographers affect to consider it, the Vice-Chancellor would certainly have been insulted in his turn. But Burgon's epigram was literally true:

"*Nomen*," quoth Jowett," *vobis ap-
probandum*—

But perhaps in Latin you won't under-
stand us:

So, to avoid mistakes —" what followed
after

Was drowned (*quid mirum*?) in a roar
of laughter.

It was laughter only and not anger
which resulted. But most of those
present felt that the high office of
Vice-Chancellor had been sorely de-
graded by the pettiest exhibition of
party spite.

On one occasion the callers-up of
Convocation were egregiously dis-
appointed. It was at some stage or
other in the never-ending warfare
about examinations and degrees for
women. Such contests, by the way,
seem to be inseparable from displays
of bad taste. At Cambridge some
years ago it was the party opposed
to feminine aggressions which dis-
tinguished itself by vulgarity; but
on the last occasion of a great vote
on the subject at Oxford it was the
ladies, or some of their supporters,
who were responsible for the fly-sheets
which certainly exceeded the bounds
of legitimate criticism. To personify
the opposition as a speaking donkey,
and make it hobble off the stage with
its hoof applied to its nose is not
within the limits of academic humour.
There were no such displays on the
occasion to which we allude, but
there was a great surprise for every-
one concerned. That Convocation was
a stupidly reactionary body, which
would vote against every measure
implying progress, had been so often
asserted by those who had been
balked by its action that it had
come to be an acknowledged thing.
The most strenuous efforts were made
to secure a large attendance, and this
end was achieved; but no one is more
alive to the claims of women to edu-
cational recognition than the country

clergyman with his straitened cir-
cumstances and his often clever and
well-educated daughters. He came
indeed in his battalions; but he
came to claim their rights for his
own folk. The ladies won the day
by a large majority, but had the
result been the other way we should
have heard the usual outcries about
clerical tamults and the swamping of
the intellect of the University by the
crass stupidity of obscurantism and
the like.

Since that time Convocation has
never been formally summoned until
May 17th of this year. The result
of its action then is well known; but
in all probability within a few months
it will again be summoned to decide
whether the study of Greek is to be
retained as compulsory in the Uni-
versity and incidentally, as it has
been acutely pointed out, in the
schools which feed the University.
In all such cases where the decision
of Greater Oxford is adverse to the
views of the advanced party we have
the outcries alluded to repeated to
satiety. Now, in the first place it
is untrue that Convocation is now a
clerical body; year by year it becomes
less and less so, as has been pointed
out above. Yet the majority which
in 1883 voted against Mr. Horton
was only five hundred and fifty, but
in 1904 had increased to six hundred
and seventy-six, while to talk of crass
stupidity as the general character of
a body at least one-sixth of whose
members have been fellows or scholars
of their colleges is foolishness. It
should also be remembered that
the Convocation of Oxford and the
Senate of Cambridge are unique as
deliberative bodies. They represent
not only the past opinion of the Uni-
versity but its future opinion also, for
they are to a very great extent com-
posed of those whose children will in
due course become members of the

University. It would surely seem not unreasonable that the one educated body of parents in the world, whose opinion can be elicited and expressed by means of open and personal voting, should have in their

hands the decision as to greater questions in connection with the education of their children. Whether the verdict of Convocation be Progressive or Moderate, it is never an ignorant one.

A. T. S. GOODRICK.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR.

[In a note in his biography, Scott says that his friend Dr. Tuke, of Dublin, has a lock of Stella's hair enclosed in a paper by Swift, on which are written, in the Dean's hand, the words: "Only a woman's hair." An instance, says Scott, of the Dean's desire to veil his feelings under the mask of cynical indifference. Thackeray's *Swift* (ENGLISH HUMOURISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY).]

ONLY a woman's hair !

'Twas thus the legend ran ;
Though she whose disregarded tress,
Inscribed with words so pitiless,
Had lavished all her loveliness
To win—the scorn of man.

Only a woman's hair !

The pledge was surely given
At that sweet moment when the birth
Of love reveals what life is worth,
And passion proves the joys of earth
Can match the bliss of heaven.

Only a woman's hair !

Ah, cynic ! all thine art
That glorious gift cannot impair,
Nor stain the love that lingers there,
Nor dim the desolate despair
That broke thine aching heart.

E. C.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

(Born July 4th, 1804.)

THE centenary of Nathaniel Hawthorne is one of the few which may be celebrated whole-heartedly and with a good conscience. A man who has been dead thirty or forty years is not, as a rule, very conveniently placed with regard to these commemorative ceremonies. The warmth of contemporary sympathy has cooled a little, his position with posterity is not yet quite assured, and we eulogise his talent and discuss his influence with the uneasy knowledge that Time may be waiting round the corner to make a mock of him and of us. But in America events and men settle into their places, and grow venerable much more rapidly than in other lands, and her best known men of letters wear already the classic air of repose and finality suited to the founders of a literature.

Hawthorne was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on the 4th of July, 1804, the descendant of an English Puritan who emigrated to America in 1630; a figure which "invested by family tradition with a dim and dusky grandeur, was present," says Hawthorne, "to my boyish imagination as far back as I can remember." In Salem, the small New England town whose early history is an epitome of Puritanism at its best and at its worst, he passed most of his boyhood and early manhood, with the exception of four years at Bowdoin College where Longfellow was his fellow student. The part of his life during which the dull little town seemed to be for him as he once said, "the in-

evitable centre of the universe," was more than uneventful. He lived with his mother and two sisters in an almost impenetrable seclusion. A sincere family affection was combined with a wish to see as little of each other as possible, and not content with turning their backs upon their fellow citizens, the home intercourse was extremely limited. "My sister Elizabeth," says Hawthorne, "is very witty and original; but she stays in her den and I in mine. I have scarcely seen her in three months. You must never expect to see her in the daytime unless by previous appointment; so unaccustomed am I to daylight interviews with her that I never imagine her in sunshine. . . . Both Elizabeth and my mother take their meals in their rooms and my mother has eaten alone ever since my father's death." It was, as his future sister-in-law observed, "a difficult matter to establish visiting relations with so eccentric a household." On Hawthorne's part at least this isolation was more than half involuntary. The young man, who was pronounced at thirty to be "handsomer than Lord Byron," and who gave his friends the impression of being "as healthy as Adam in Paradise," who felt that "to live throughout the whole range of his faculties and sensibilities was the best definition of happiness," suffered from that secret malady which renders a man incapable of passing the "viewless portals" which divide us from each other. He was not a misanthrope. "Unless people are more

than commonly disagreeable, it is my foolish habit to contract a kindness for them," he says, and he was always ready to welcome anyone who could penetrate into his cell; but the visitor must find his own way in; Hawthorne could neither indicate the path nor come out to meet him. In his diary and letters there are frequent allusions to the spiritual solitude, "the atmosphere without any oxygen of sympathy," in which he spent so many years, when it seemed to him as if he "had only life enough to know that he was not alive." "Nathaniel will never marry; he will never do anything; he is an ideal person," said his sister; but his engagement in 1839 to Miss Sophia Peabody falsified the prediction, and led three years later to the happy marriage which ended this sepulchral existence. "Sitting in this chamber where my youth wasted itself in vain," he writes, "I can partly estimate the change that has been wrought. It seems as if the better part of me had been born since then."

He had hitherto employed himself in writing stories and sketches for the periodical press, but with marriage in prospect it was necessary for him to find some less precarious way of earning a living, and he obtained a small post in the Boston Custom-house. He lost it two years later as the result of a Presidential change, and his attention was then drawn to the new socialistic settlement of Brook Farm in Roxbury near Boston. Its founders aimed at "instituting an attractive, efficient and effective system of industry and at preventing the exercise of worldly anxiety by the competent supply of necessary wants," while at the same time they "effectually promoted the great purposes of human culture." The experiment did not prove more successful in Hawthorne's individual case than in its general

results. In the first freshness of his enthusiasm he was sure that he would make an excellent husbandman and "felt the original Adam reviving" in him; but before long he discovered that forking manure for several hours a day did not impart the freedom and moral dignity which the constitution promised; while to live with a number of strangers oppressed the recluse, unaccustomed to what he calls the sultry heat of society. "I have not the sense of perfect seclusion which has always been essential to my power of producing anything," he wrote despondently. "It is my opinion that a man's soul may be buried and perish under a dunghheap, or under a furrow of the field, just as well as under a pile of money. Labour is the curse of the world and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionally brutified. Is it a praiseworthy matter that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? It is not." *THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE* is probably the most lasting memorial of the project for "imparting a show of novelty to existence" which Miles Coverdale declared its originators "contemplated as hopefully as if the soil beneath their feet had not been fathom-deep with the dust of deluded generations."

In 1842 Hawthorne and his wife settled in the town of Concord, in the old parsonage which gave the title to his volume *MOSES FROM AN OLD MANSE*. He was recognised by this time as a popular writer, but he still found it hard to gain a competency by his pen, and he was glad to accept the post of surveyor in the Custom-house of his native town. The loss of his little office at the end of three years left him at leisure to write his first long story, *THE SCARLET LETTER*, which was published early in 1850. A little later he moved to Lenox and spent the winter in writing *THE*

HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES. The following winter he produced *THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE*, and the financial success of the three books enabled him to buy a house in Concord. In 1853 his friend President Franklin Pierce offered him the American Consulate in Liverpool; but here, as usual, in his own phrase, "the materiality of this daily life" pressed too intrusively upon him. We are told that he was an efficient Custom-house officer, he tilled the transcendental fields at Brook Farm with the fiercest energy, and his consular duties were performed with conscientious exactness; but he was no happier examining the candles used in the British navy than in measuring coal in the port of Boston. "I like my office well enough," he wrote from Liverpool, "but my official duties and obligations are irksome to me beyond expression." After four years at the consulate, he spent eighteen months in Italy, and returned to England to write *THE MARBLE FAUN* (which his English publishers called *TRANSFORMATION*), and sailed for America in June, 1860. In 1862 he published his impressions of England under the title of *OUR OLD HOME*, and began a new story which was to appear as a serial in *THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY*; but his writing days were over and he knew it. "It is not quite pleasant," he wrote to his publisher, "for an author to announce himself as finally broken down. But I cannot finish [*THE DOLLIVER ROMANCE*] unless a great change comes over me; and if I make too great an effort to do so it will be my death; not that I should care much for that if I could fight the battle through and win it, thus ending a life of much smoulder and scanty fire in a blaze of glory." Three months later he set out with a friend for the mountains of New Hampshire in quest of health, but the journey ended sud-

denly at an early stage; he died in his sleep in the hotel at Plymouth on the 18th of May, 1864.

The literary harvest of this quiet life consists of four romances, some short tales and sketches, and two volumes of stories for children. "Out of the infinite world each artist chooses his own world," says a French critic. "His eye is only sensitive, so to speak, to a single colour." The saying, which is generally open to comment, is particularly true of Hawthorne; in considering his work we are struck first of all by its unity, by the well-defined limits within which its author moves. He seems to have passed through no phases, to have known no contradictory moods, to have tried no doubtful experiments. From the beginning to the end one aspect of life interested and inspired him; the rest he let deliberately and tranquilly alone.

This unity of design is due partly perhaps to the fact that he is one of the least literary of literary men. It is vain for his admirers to assure us that he was a lover of books. He read quite as much as any one is in duty bound to read, which is in fact very little indeed; but there is no sign in his notebooks of the passion for exploring the minds and methods of other writers which makes the true book-lover, and in his other writings its traces are conspicuously absent. He never seems to have formed one of those warm friendships for particular books, of which every born reader knows the solace and delight; and if his work lost in breadth and variety by this intellectual isolation, it gained in individuality and independence.

Hawthorne's world is the world of moral consequences; all his stories are sequels. The main action, or what almost anyone else would call the main action, has always taken place round the last bend of the road; all

that we are allowed to see of it is its after-effect. He begins where for most writers all is over. In *THE SCARLET LETTER* the sin has been committed, the passion which led to it has burned itself out, the sentence has been pronounced, before Hester steps into the story. The virtue of *THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES* is derived from an incident which ruined an innocent man forty years before we are introduced to him. In *THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE*, long before Zenobia took her place in the communistic settlement, her destiny was fatally entangled with that of a vague personage, to the end we never quite know how or why. We search *THE MARBLE FAUN* vainly for a clue to the awful secret that set Miriam so darkly apart from her fellows, and so unworthy of attention do such details appear to the writer that he not only declines to answer our questions but despises us for asking them; when British reviewers insisted on their right to be told how Miriam's story began and ended, he could only regret their dulness. His son tells us that "He used to read the letters and the reviews with a smile but sadly too. 'The thing is a failure,' he used to say. He meant perhaps that he had failed in making his audience take his point of view towards the story." To those who cannot bring themselves to take Hawthorne's point of view, he will always be a failure. There never was a writer more incapable of going even a little way to meet his readers' convenience; and he was probably right when, surprised at his own popularity, he set it down, with the modest self-appreciation which the loudest plaudits never disturbed, as due in great part to accidental causes. We must consent to think with him that man is primarily a creature with a conscience and not, as most other psychological

novelists aver, with an intellect and nerves, or with affections and sentiments, before we can follow him unhesitatingly into that shadowy region which he treads so certainly.

Hawthorne had a profound respect for facts; in practice the most inveterate of symbolists, he was a realist at heart. "My own individual taste," he says, "is for quite another class of works than those which I myself am able to write. If I were to meet with such books as mine by another writer, I don't believe I should be able to get through them." He wrote of Anthony Trollope's novels that they precisely suited his taste, "solid and substantial, just as real as if some giant had hewn a lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case with all its inhabitants going about their daily business and not suspecting that they were made a show of." Of his own *MOSES FROM AN OLD MANSE* he says, "Upon my honour I am not quite sure that I entirely comprehend my own meaning in some of these allegories, but I remember that I always had a meaning or at least thought I had. To tell you the truth, my past self is not very much to my taste as I see myself in this book." Conscious apparently of his tendency to look through men and things rather than at them, he made a point of scrutinising them with the careful precision of a traveller in a foreign country; and his notebooks bear witness to his assiduous efforts to "do something with this material world." But though thanks to these precautions, facts did not "melt in his grasp and become unsubstantial," as he somewhat contemptuously declared they did with Emerson, he could not perceive them apart from their symbolical significance. A bird tapped one day at his study window. "He was probably attempting to get a fly

which was on a pane of glass, and on my first motion the feathered visitor took wing. This incident had a curious effect upon me. It impressed me as if the bird had been a spiritual visitant. . . . Cleaning the attic to-day, the woman found an immense snake, flat and outrageously fierce. Ellen the cook killed it. She called it an adder, but it appears to have been a striped snake. It seems a fiend haunting the house." Sometimes to mention the fact is to suggest the analogy. "Sunday evening going by the gaol, the setting sun kindled up the windows most cheerfully; as if there was a bright comfortable light within its darksome walls." It is this ever present consciousness of the eternal meaning lying behind external trivialities which suffuses everything he writes with the faint strange lustre which gives it, in eyes accustomed to the light of common day, a touch of unreality, the look of a snowy landscape seen by moonlight. But the earth is solid beneath its ethereal veil, and an astonishing fidelity to life is discoverable beneath Hawthorne's delicate web of fancies; the character of Clifford in *THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES*, for example, is analysed with unrelenting exactness and drawn with almost cruel truth.

Of his four romances, *THE SCARLET LETTER* is the only one which holds us from the first page to the last by a purely human interest. The very spirit of ironical detachment breathes through *THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE* and infects the reader; he is not more moved than was Miles Coverdale by Zenobia's sad end. Clifford in *THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES* is a triumph of imaginative force, but Phebe and her photographer are commonplace people drawn in commonplace colours, and though we should like to love Miss Hephzibah as we

love Miss Mattie in *CRANFORD*, it is impossible; she has been too rigidly denied every attraction. The setting of the story is more successful, more engrossing than the story itself, and we cannot sufficiently admire the artistic cunning which forbids us to enquire whether the seventeenth century, that severely "documented" age, may be fitly described as "an epoch already grey in the distance, floating in legendary mists." In order to write *THE MARBLE FAUN* Hawthorne went too resolutely in search of the romantic. "No author without a trial can conceive," he says, apologising for the unpatriotic impulse which had led him abroad, "of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land." But the flower of his fancy did not flourish except in its own bleak climate; and *THE MARBLE FAUN* is a disappointment not to those only who "insist on being told in so many words whether Donatello had furry ears or no." Hawthorne was not quite at home in his native land, but he was not in the least at home anywhere else. Before he could write of Rome he had to empty it of Romans, and Miriam, with her German name, her Jewish complexion, her papal relatives and her New England conscience, and the two Americans walk the abandoned streets in somewhat incongruous guise. The writer warns us in his preface that he did not intend to portray Italian manners and character, and that Italy "was chosen for the site of his romance only as a sort of poetic or fairy precinct where actualities would not be so terribly insisted upon as they are in America." But Rome is

the last spot in the world in which to contrive a fairy precinct: its majestic masonry cannot possibly be transferred to any city in cloudland; and if the illusion were created for an instant, the author's reflections on art and religion would destroy it at once. Of the finely suggested romance which he had in his mind, he has only given us some exquisite fragments half hidden in a glorified guidebook. His true measure as a writer is *THE SCARLET LETTER* which for many readers stands apart from other stories (as Hester among other women) in its singular and piteous beauty.

Two detestable years spent chiefly in measuring coal "on board of black little British schooners in a dismal dock" were the immediate preparation for Hawthorne's achievement. He bitterly lamented the distasteful labour which "left his imagination a tarnished mirror" and robbed him "of the little power he had once possessed over the tribe of unrealities," but no one need echo his regrets. Out of that rough and grimy contact with this work-a-day world the mind, too long nurtured on shadows, drew the strength and humanity which give *THE SCARLET LETTER* its finest quality. In a memorable passage of the preface he recognises the error (which afterwards ruined *THE MARBLE FAUN*) of endeavouring to escape by violence from his environment.

The wiser effort would have been to diffuse thought and imagination through the opaque substance of to-day; to spiritualise the burden that began to weigh so heavily; to seek resolutely the true and indestructible value that lay hidden in the petty and wearisome incidents and ordinary characters with which I was now conversant. The fault was mine. The page of life that was spread out before me seemed dull and commonplace only because I had not fathomed its deeper import. A better book than I shall ever write was there.

But the present was never Hawthorne's natural element; the present which seems so solid to most of us, to him was always "this visionary and impalpable Now which if you once look closely at it is nothing"; and the first merit of *THE SCARLET LETTER* is its natural quality, the absence of any sign of search for the picturesque and the unusual. An historical setting may be generally warranted to give an artificial air to the most natural emotions, but this story rises with the grace of a self-sown blossom out of the period to which it is assigned. There was no need to search the history books for a suitable epoch; it could only belong to an age which had not yet abandoned the theocratic ideal, to a community which while (in the words of his Puritan ancestors) "it scuffled with the Dutch and French nations north and south of its Patent bounds" or contended with "the wild natives," perceived in the powers of Darkness a far more insidious and formidable foe. He had long been familiar with the history of his province, and it was not only "the mere sensuous sympathy of dust for dust," which filled him with "a strange unjoyous attachment" to the home of his forefathers; he had inherited enough of their spirit to write of them with that comprehension and intimacy which for the historical novelist's purpose is worth any number of antiquarian details. It is difficult, for instance, to name any other writer who can touch upon witchcraft without immediately betraying the date (or thereabouts) of his birth. Hawthorne sees it insufferably hideous, just as the men who burned the witches saw it: no one can be surprised that people like Mrs. Hibbins were burned; she is an apology, almost a justification, for Cotton Mather.

To mid-Victorian readers the story

seemed gloomy. The writer himself declared that it needed sunshine and that the characters "would not be warmed"; Mr. Henry James, writing five and twenty years ago, calls it "densely dark," and M. Emile Montégut, in introducing a French version of his short stories, reproaches Hawthorne with being a pessimist. But the darkness which overspreads modern fiction is so much denser in its quality, that the charge may now be easily dismissed; to pass from *THE SCARLET LETTER* to *TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES* is to pass from the gloom of a forest an hour before sunrise to the blackness of a vault that has never seen the sun. Indeed, if we look below the surface, there is a deeper melancholy in *THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES*, in spite of its humour, its pretty love story, and its happy ending. The woman whose badge of shame "ceased to be a stigma which attracted the world's scorn and became the type of something to be sorrowed over yet with reverence," to whom other women brought their sorrows and perplexities and went away counselled and consoled, is not so melancholy a figure as the man who "lay darkly behind his pleasure and knew it for a baby play."

"There is a certain tragic phase of humanity which has never been more powerfully embodied than by Hawthorne," says Herman Melville, and this is true, though not, I think, in the least as he applies it. The moral which is woven into all he wrote,—and he was too much the son of his fathers to despise a moral—is the illimitable power of sympathy. Loneliness is for him the essence of tragedy, the first and most fatal result of a great fault or a great misfortune; and this is the form of suffering of which he has the most piercing vision. Romance has no more solitary figure

to show than Hester Prynne "standing apart from the rest of human kind like a ghost that revisits the familiar fireside and can no more make itself seen or felt, no more smile with the household joy nor mourn with the kindred sorrow." Even her child cannot break the spell. Miriam in *THE MARBLE FAUN* feels herself terribly alone and would fain ask for help.

Yet it was to little purpose that she approached the edge of the voiceless gulf between herself and them. Standing on the utmost verge of that dark chasm she might stretch out her hand and never clasp hand of theirs, she might strive to call out but her voice would perish inaudibly in the remoteness that seemed such a little way. This perception of an infinite shivering solitude amid which we cannot come close enough to human beings to be warmed by them is one of the most forlorn results of any accident, misfortune, crime or peculiarity of character that puts an individual ajar with the world. Very often there is an insatiable instinct that demands friendship, love and intimate communion, but is forced to pine in empty forms; a hunger of the heart which finds only shadows to feed on.

Clifford who had returned to his old home wrecked and wasted by thirty years' imprisonment, grew young again when Phoebe sat beside him. "Persons who have wandered or been expelled out of the common track of things desire nothing so much as to be led back. . . . So long as you could feel the grasp of her hand, soft as it was, you might be certain that your place was good in the whole sympathetic chain of human nature." Such quotations might easily be multiplied, and though Hawthorne did not like it to be supposed that he revealed himself in his books, if his life had never been written it would still have been difficult to avoid tracing a line of personal experience in this constantly recurring note of pain.

Hawthorne's manner of writing

accords exactly with his matter ; it is characterised by the same unusual combination of lightness and strength ; his well-knit, free-moving sentences are penetrated by a kind of transparent delicacy. It is not easy to think of another modern prose writer who equals him in the easy daring of his imagery ; his comparisons are never dragged struggling into the page, they glide into it of their own accord as into their own inevitable places. To the little seamstress who arrived at the lonely farm from the crowded streets of the city one dark evening, "the house seemed adrift on the great ocean of night." Little Pearl, threatening her tormentors, "resembled some infant pestilence, some half-fledged angel of judgment." When the surveyor was deprived of his post, "in view of my previous weariness of office and vague thoughts of resignation, my fortune resembled that of a person who should entertain the idea of committing suicide and meet with the good hap to be murdered." "Sleeping or waking, we never hear the fairy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen." And here is a common experience illuminated by a swift and perhaps

too dreadful a flash, only the secret in question was a dreadful secret.

Nothing is more unaccountable than the spell which often lurks in a spoken word. Two minds may be conscious of the same thought, . . . but as long as it remains unspoken their familiar talk flows quietly over the hidden idea as a rivulet may sparkle and dimple over something sunken in its bed. But speak the word ; and it is like bringing up a drowned body out of the deepest pool of the rivulet which has been aware of the horrible secret all along in spite of its smiling surface.

But the first charm of his style is its unself-consciousness. He has something to say and he is concerned to say it lucidly and effectually, but his words are intent on no mission of their own ; their task, as Montaigne says, is to serve and follow. "The difficulty is what to say, not how to say it," he observed ; and this simple faith in a literary providence which will provide the right word at the right moment, without any elaborate precautions on the writer's part, is in Hawthorne's case abundantly justified. It results in that fresh and shining simplicity of which a generation who has studied Flaubert and Pater and Stevenson almost too ardently, has lost the delightful secret.

H. C. MACDOWALL.

